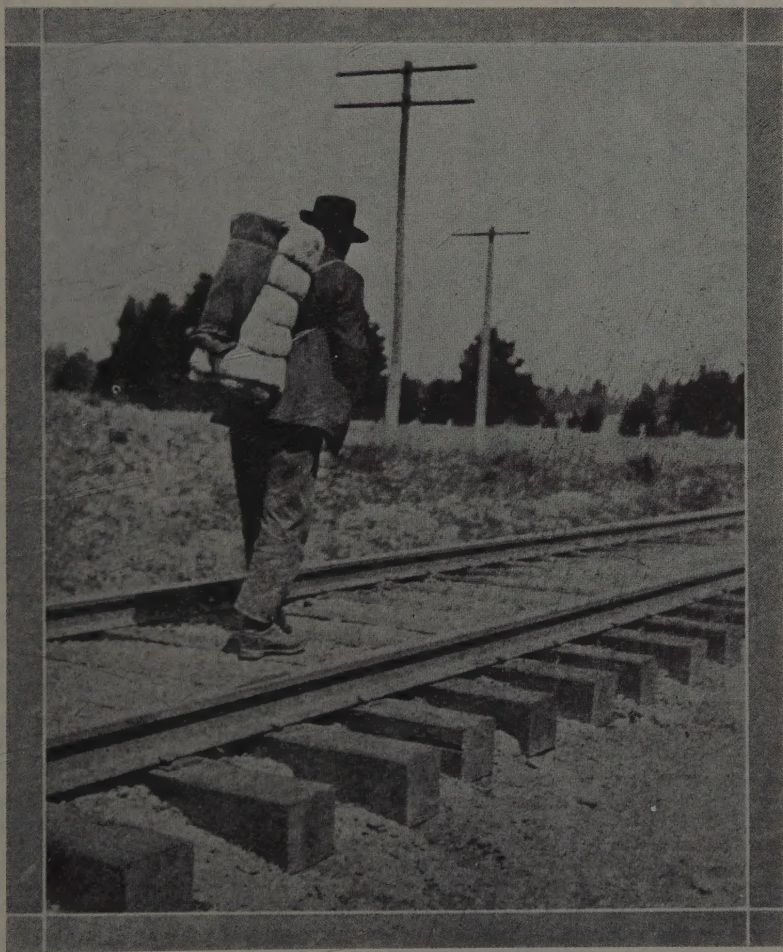


AUGUST, 1914

The

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INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



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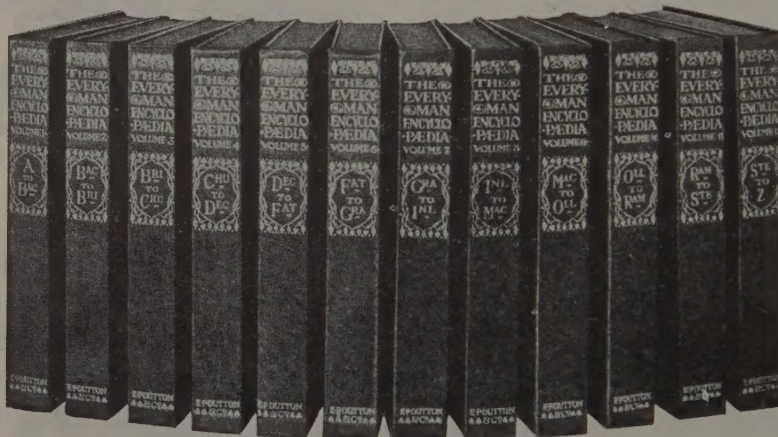
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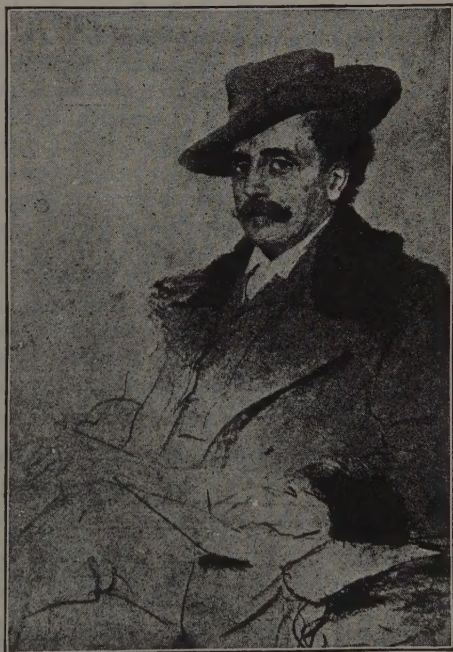
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August

1914

The
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No. 2

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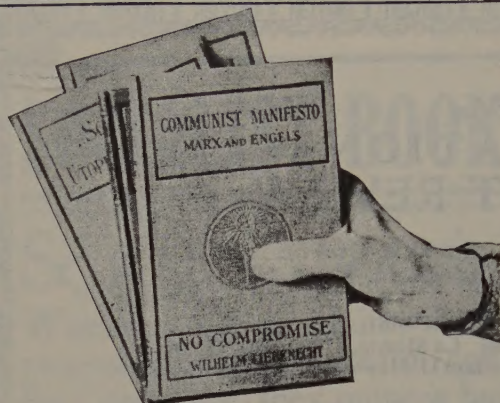
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International Notes	News and Views

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The
**INTERNATIONAL
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VOL. XV
No. 2

AUGUST
1914

**IN MEMORY OF
THE COMMUNE**



A Working-Class Demonstration in Paris

By PHILLIPS RUSSELL



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF THE MARTYRS OF THE COMMUNE,
PERE LACHAISE CEMETERY, PARIS.

I WAS curious to see what a big working class demonstration in Paris was like, so when Victor Dave, white-haired veteran of the International, told me, soon after my arrival in Paris on May 15 of this year, of the approaching memorial

day in honor of the Commune on May 24, I made a note of it.

Sunday, May 24, came clear and sun lit, the trees of the great boulevards wearing the fresh, glowing green that they do only in Paris in the spring. In the afternoon I

tried to find my way to Pere Lachaise cemetery, where fell the martyrs of the Commune, but every 'bus and tram was crowded and I was forced to take a round-about way, which brought me to the cemetery late. But I found I was in plenty of time. The procession into the cemetery had just begun, and as far down the street from the gate as the eye could see stretched a long, thick, patient line, spotted with crimson banners that tossed and flapped in the warm breeze. Thirty, perhaps forty, thousand there were—all working men and women; yes, and children, too.

Motion-picture operators were grinding away furiously as the great line moved steadily into the gate. A vast throng of the idly curious stood silently around, kept back by heavy lines of police. There seemed to be more police than demonstrators. At the entrance to the cemetery stood a group of silver-trimmed, heavy-paunched police officials, contemplating the streaming throng with the cold, watchful gaze characteristic of policemen and other carnivorous animals when in the presence of their prey.

As I pushed my way toward the cemetery gate, already I could feel the electric tension that is so strong in the atmosphere whenever a great crowd of working people gather under the surveillance of the uniformed representatives of their masters.

Going well back toward the end of the line, I slipped through the police line and joined a group of young people who marched behind a red banner showing that they were a Circle of Socialist Students of the twentieth arrondissement, or precinct. As I took my place in line, a clear baritone voice far in the rear started up, of course in French, the tune of the International:

"Arise, ye prisoners of starvation,
Arise, ye wretched of the earth."

Other voices quickly joined. I could hear the song advancing up the line like a roaring wave. Soon we were all singing it. We could hear it coming from far in the center of the cemetery. Ordinarily the police do not permit this song to be sung in the streets of Paris, but this crowd was too big to be interfered with, so the police kept quiet, betraying their uneasiness by shifting from one foot to the other and twirling their long mustachios.

Soon we were inside the cemetery, the thick trees throwing a damp gloom over the rows of silent tombs. Up a steep declivity we pushed, winding round and round like a gliding snake. The police were everywhere. Not only did they line the course solidly, but clusters of them, on foot, bicycles and horses, could be seen half concealed behind clumps of trees or high tombs.

Every sight of these partly hidden groups was greeted with jeers by the crowd and by loud shouts of a phrase which puzzled me until, finally, I made it out as "Les trois ans—hou! hou! Les trois ans—hou! hou!" This cry refers to the much-agitated law, recently passed, extending the term of military service from two to three years. This is the most discussed subject in France just now and has been the cause of many working-class demonstrations. This shout is also forbidden in the streets of Paris, but in this case the police were helpless. One young workingman just in front of me, dressed in baggy, green corduroy trousers, red sash, yellow shirt and gray cap—the French workingman is much more picturesque in his attire than our own—was especially strident in his cry of "Les trois ans," and, judging by the way the police looked at him, I am sure they would cheerfully have taken him.

Around me everyone wore a little red flower in his buttonhole and copies of *L'humanite*, the Socialist organ, and *La Bataille Syndicaliste*, organ of the unions, were frequently consulted.

We now took a turn and started downhill. The crowd suddenly became silent and uncovered their heads. Around a wall in front of us the police were massed in battalions. A section of the wall was covered with fresh wreaths. In the center was a plain tablet inscribed: "Aux Morts de la Commune (To the Slain of the Commune), 21-28 Mai 1871."

Here the workingmen and women, who took charge of Paris forty-three years ago and ran it peacefully and well, were lined up, after being driven from barricade to barricade, and mowed down by machine guns, their bodies piling in heaps against the wall. From 20,000 to 30,000 men, women and children were shot down in the seven days of terror.

I paused a moment for a look up and down the wall, whereupon came the warn-



A MEMORIAL PROCESSION OF WORKERS BEFORE THE COMMUNE WALL, PARIS.

ing voice of a cop: "Avancez-ca, monsieur" (Move on, mister).

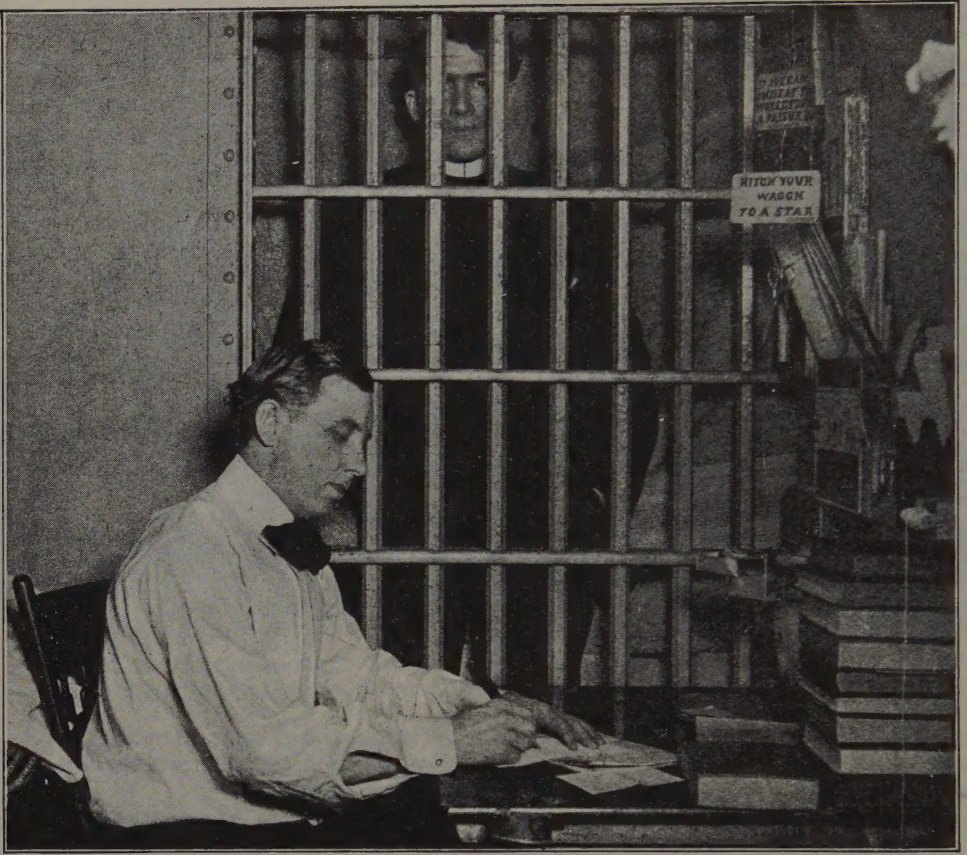
So I avancez-ed with the crowd, as silent now as it previously had been noisy. As I walked toward the exit of the cemetery, I noticed that the grounds around the Commune wall, though crowded with tombs elsewhere, were unoccupied save by grass and weeds. I learned afterward that the French respectables do not wish to be

buried near the Communards. Thus does class division extend even beyond the border line of life.

Though there are countless monuments, pictures and what-not celebrating every other phase of French history, I found no memorials to the Commune, save this, in Paris. But I learned that the spirit of the Commune still lives in the hearts of its working people.

IMPORTANT!

Joe Hill, song writer and composer of the I. W. W. song book, has been convicted of murder and sentenced to be shot September 4, 1914. The conviction was secured on the flimsiest kind of evidence and an appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court. Everyone everywhere should write letters to governor Wm. Spry, Salt Lake City, Utah, protesting against this outrageous conviction, and demand a new trial. If Joe Hill's life is to be saved, it will require the united action of the workers at once.



CARL PERSON AND FRANK COMERFORD, HIS ATTORNEY.

A FIGHT TO A FINISH

The Carl Person Case

By FLOYD GIBBONS

A BATTLE royal is going on in Clinton, Ill., between a twentieth century David and an up-to-date Goliath of the Super-Dreadnought type. The David is Carl Person, the fighting editor of the *Strike Bulletin*. The all-powerful Goliath is the Illinois Central Railroad Company.

It makes the red blood leap and bound to watch the struggle. It makes the

heart choke and stop at the thought of the consequences, should the Giant land one of his mighty swings.

Carl Person is a little fellow, the "little brother" of 35,000 brawny union shop men who, after thirty-four months of terrific struggle, are still fighting a winning fight against the Illinois Central and Harriman Lines. Throughout the long drawn-out battle Person has been in the

fore, discovering the weaknesses of the enemy and directing the onslaught on them.

"The little fellow," as he is known and called by the strikers, possessed himself of a weapon of wonderful effectiveness.

He girded himself with a shotgun called Publicity and pulled the trigger with the forefinger of Organization.

Before him stood the giant. Goliath was armed with the big bludgeon of the law. On the giant's side were his countless high-paid counselors, advising him just how to use, or rather misuse, the club.

And the battle is now at its height. It has been going on night and day for more than two years. Both sides have landed blows—straightforward, stiff from the shoulder, fair blows from the little blonde David, and the underhand, foul-fighting of scheme and cunning by the giant.

On September 30, 1911, the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines forced their 35,000 shop men to choose between their right to organize and their jobs. Like men, they stuck by their organization. No question of wages, hours or working conditions entered into the controversy. It was simply the highwayman's edict of the giant, "Your organization or your job!"

Person was 24 years old. He laid aside his overalls in the shops at Clinton and walked out with the men. The men were determined to fight, but were without a weapon. Person realized the fact and determined to provide one.

With a second-hand typewriter, some paper and carbon sheets the thinking machinist began to change himself into the fighting editor, and thus the *Strike Bulletin* was born. An old mimeograph machine, rescued from the junk heap, was revived under Person's mechanical ingenuity and immediately the circulation of the hand-printed *Bulletin* was increased by hundreds.

It was hard work making both ends meet. The machinist-editor wrote, printed and mailed the paper in the same one room in which he lived and slept. Every penny had to be watched to pay the postage. With his genius for organization, Person began to build up a reportorial staff that would be the envy of any metropolitan editor-in-chief. Every one

of the 35,000 strikers was a reporter, a photographer and an agent for the *Strike Bulletin*. It made no difference whether a scab-treated box car broke down on the main line and tied up traffic for hours or whether the president's special went in the ditch and killed twenty—the *Bulletin* had it and published it.

Subscriptions began to come in. Person was putting the "guts" into the *Bulletin*. It was being read all over the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines systems. The number of subscribers soon outgrew the facilities of the little mimeograph machine. The next step was taken when *The Strike Bulletin* came out in printed form.

With equipment and facilities, *The Strike Bulletin* strengthened and enlarged its onslaughts of truth against the interests of corporate greed. Each edition carried a broadside of forcible facts. Person was beginning to make the fight of the workers felt. He was working up to a grand climax. The first big achievement came.

The machinist-editor charged his publicity shotgun with a shell that carried 100,000 missiles. It was the "Graveyard Special."

There was an awful jangle and jingle of gold as the giant received the full load, square in its vitals, the pocketbook of the Illinois Central.

The graveyard edition carried thirty-two pages and contained the most damning pictorial indictment that was ever hurled against a railroad. A skeptical public was not asked to believe the printed word of condemnation; it was confronted with the photographic proof. The pictures showed the great toll of life that the public was paying on account of the stand taken by the roads toward the organized workers. Nobody could ever look through the "Graveyard Special" and then turn into a peaceful night's sleep in a berth on the Illinois Central.

The pictures showed the wrecks due to the scab care of the road's equipment and rolling stock. Because the I. C. had no skilled workers in the machine shops, it was unable to keep its engines and cars in repair. The pictures showed the result.

The photographs vivified the stories of the burning piles of wreckage, of the re-

lief trains, of the dead and wounded, of the ambulances waiting at the station, of the coffins piled high on the platforms, of the cries and moans of the injured; showed the mangled bodies, the scalded children—the horrors upon horrors that follow in the path of the blind capitalist hog.

That well aimed blow cost the Illinois Central millions of dollars. Copies of the "Graveyard Special" were circulated all over the country. Travelers and shippers were shown that a ticket over the Illinois Central was almost the same as a contract with the undertaker.

Down in Wall street the ticker began to act. I. C. stock, then up at 160, took a cold plunge to 110. It has never revived. It is down to 103 now and indications are that it will make still deeper explorations.

With a "cruel" suddenness, the annual dividends dropped like a flat cake. From seven per cent, they fell to five. That was a decrease of almost 33 per cent in the income of the road. A howl went up from the petty capitalist. Meetings were held by the minority stockholders. Something had to be done. Who was it that was doing this thing?

The giant didn't have far to look, because just at about that time he received another broadside. Person let the world know that the coal mines of southern Illinois and Kentucky were closing down and that a coal famine was in sight, due to the fact that the road, with its empty machine shops, was unable to repair enough cars to supply the mines. Thousands of miners were thrown out of work. The merchants in the little mining towns were beginning to look bankruptcy in the face, because the miners and their families, while staring starvation in the face, were unable to turn over their meager pay envelopes to the merchants and the landlords.

Gunmen were sent out to start something. Counselors were told to find a way to get David out of the way.

One night on the streets of Decatur, Ill., Person was waylaid by unknown assailants, who jumped on the "little fellow" from behind and beat him into insensibility. He was left bleeding on the sidewalk for dead. When he recovered consciousness, Person had his wounds

bound up and returned to Clinton. Bandaged and plastered, he was at his desk two days later and the *Bulletin* came out on time.

This time Person had something to say about the tactics that were being used by the Illinois Central through detectives and labor agencies to shanghai ignorant laborers into the strike zone, without letting them know about the labor trouble. The road was forced to increase its guards of thugs around the bull pens at the shops. Strike breakers and scabs began to desert.

Illinois Central detectives and United States marshals swooped down on Clinton and raided the office of *The Strike Bulletin*. They rifled the files and desks, went through the letter presses, handcuffed Person, locked up the office, barred it, and took the editor to Springfield, Ill., the capital of the state.

There the young David was arraigned before United States Judge Humphreys on a federal indictment, charging him with using the mails to circulate matter "reflecting injuriously on the conduct of the Illinois Central." Think of such a heinous crime. The seven counts in the indictment carry a maximum penalty of thirty-five years in a federal prison and \$35,000 fine which, in case of non-payment, amounts to several thousand years more. The I. C. giant was smiling now.

But the giant had overlooked that big army of 35,000 men who had not forgotten the work of their "little brother." Bonds were raised and the editor's release was forced on bail. Back to Clinton as fast as train could carry him—back to his desk in *The Bulletin* office—back to the battle with the giant—back he came, stronger and more determined than ever.

Bang! went the publicity shotgun, and the I. C. received another withering volley. The farmers were rising in arms because the I. C., unable to supply cars according to its legal duty, was costing the agriculturists thousands of dollars, because crops could not be moved. The coal mine operators were beginning to sue for hundreds of thousands of dollars damages. The scabs were beginning to desert by hundreds. Passenger and freight traffic was being diverted to other lines.

On December 30th, last year, the tele-



THE SOUTHERN EXPRESS.

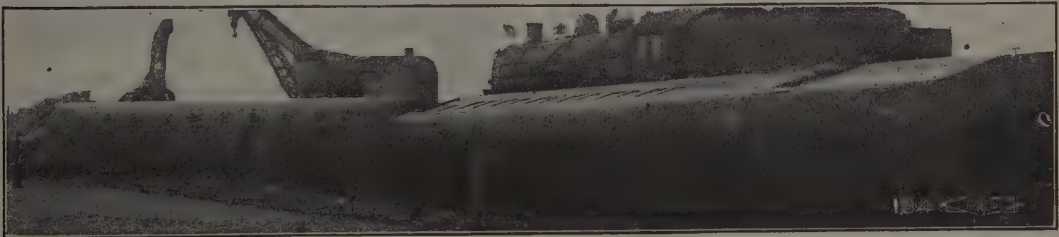
This is the Illinois Central Southern Express. That the company is in a disorganized condition can be readily understood. This wreck occurred at Osprey, Ill., just a few minutes after the train had passed over the Salt Creek valley. If the equipment which broke and derailed the train had given away while it was passing over the Salt Creek Valley, the entire train would have fallen into the valley some seventy-five feet below the tracks, and all the passengers undoubtedly would have been killed. However, the wreck did not occur until the train had passed over the valley, and so no one was killed, but about 12 were injured, some of them seriously. The scabs employed on the Illinois Central have put the equipment in a dangerous condition.—From the Graveyard Special.



IN THE GREEN FIELDS OF KENTUCKY.

The above is a picture of Illinois Central train No. 101 in the ditch at Central City, Ky. Note the position of the big engine and the passenger coaches. The engineer and fireman, as well as many of the passengers, were injured in this wreck. The Illinois Central attributed this wreck to a spike placed on the rails by boys playing about the railroad. This indicates, however, that safety cannot be depended upon on the Illinois Central, when a mere railroad spike is sufficient to throw a train down an embankment into such a position.

—From the Graveyard Special.



THE DAYLIGHT SPECIAL.

This is one of the de luxe trains between Chicago and St. Louis, Mo. The Illinois Central advertises this train as the best on the pike, but as yet the company has overlooked the important matter of advertising the Daylight Special in the condition that it is frequently found along the barb wire fences on its journey between the cities of Chicago and St. Louis. That there were not many deaths in this wreck is attributed by railroad men to the fact that the cars were of steel. Many of the passengers were injured. When you travel between Chicago and St. Louis, remember that the C. & E. I., Wabash, C. & A. and Rock Island make this route, and they run their trains on the rails, and not into the ditches where you see the Illinois Central Daylight Special.—From the Graveyard Special.

phone in *The Strike Bulletin* office rang and Person answered it. A voice on the wire said: "This is Kirk. Run over to the Interurban Station. I've got a hot story about the I. C." Kirk was an I. C. striker who had left the road at Memphis, and who was working in the Wabash shops at Decatur. Person put on his coat and started for the interurban station.

The man who telephoned was Tony Musser, a former chief of police of Clinton who had graduated in the school of crime and brutality until he had reached the degree of fitness necessary for him to hold the position of chief strike breaker for the Illinois Central. Musser, "the giant Portugee," he was known and feared. He ruled with a rod of iron in the scab bull pen. His reputation as a wife beater, a brow-beating alcoholic, a ruthless bully, is written on the court records in Clinton.

Musser stood 6 feet 2 inches in height and weighed more than 200 pounds. He was every inch a human bulldog. The editor he lured out of the office by the decoy message stands 5 feet 6 inches in height and weighed 129 pounds.

After sending in the decoy message, Musser left his coat in the saloon from which he telephoned and walked to a cigar store across the alley from the Interurban station. Musser did not know Person. Person did not know Musser. That made it necessary for the Illinois Central gunman to have his victim pointed out.

"Do you know that editor, Blondy Person, when you see him?" Musser asked the cigar store clerk.

"Yes," said the clerk.

"He'll be by here in a few minutes," said Musser. "I want you to point him out to me."

"There he is now," said the clerk, pointing through the window to Person, who was standing in front of the station, looking around in vain for the supposed "Kirk."

Musser eyed his victim. Then he stepped out of the door of the cigar store and stood in the shadow of the projecting ledge, waiting for Person to pass. The little fellow walked by a minute later. The thug crouched in the shadow. As the editor passed, Musser with upraised fist launched his huge frame through the air. The fist landed on Person's temple. The

little fellow dropped to the ground as though he had been felled with a sledge.

Musser was on top of him in an instant. The giant's left hand clutched the boy's throat. The mighty right fist rained blow after blow in the senseless youth's upturned face. Throttling his victim, Musser banged Person's head against the cement pavement. It was an unmerciful assault.

Women screamed and strong men turned away. "Take that big fellow off. He'll kill the boy!" screamed a woman. Men took courage and rushed to the rescue. Person's life hung in the balance. Musser was grasped by the shoulders and pulled upward. As he came up, he brought with him the limp body of the boy that he held by the throat. Men grappled with the giant and finally succeeded in breaking the deathlike grip on Person's throat.

The little fellow was bleeding from a dozen wounds. Blood from gashes in his head streamed down his face and blinded his swollen eyes. The scalp was torn from the skull in several places. Person staggered as he came to his feet and was freed from the grasp of Musser.

He shook his head to throw the blood-matted blonde hair out of his eyes. He looked up. Musser had broken from those who held him and, with a horrible oath on his lips, was springing forward to renew the attack. Person saw the infuriated face of the gunman. He saw the blood lust in the eyes.

A rattle of shots rang out and Musser stopped in the middle of his spring. The thug had done his last work. He died a few minutes later.

Musser's body was taken out of Clinton in a private car on the Illinois Central. Carl Person, battered and weak from loss of blood, was dragged from the scene of the encounter to jail. He was thrown into a cell. He asked for his friends. None were admitted. He asked that a photographer be brought into to photograph his condition. It was denied. He insisted that as a defendant he had a right to preserve evidence of his condition to use in his defense. He was laughed at.

Attorney Frank Comerford of Chicago reached Clinton eight hours after the shooting. When he made new insistence that the photograph be taken, he was told



TONY MUSSER, DECEASED.
Gunman Who Tried to Kill Carl Person.

that it was "against the rules." After doctors had sewed up the editor's wounds, after the swelling, the discolorations, and the bruises and cuts had been healed, six weeks afterward, when every trace of the murderous assault had been removed, then the photograph was taken. It was not "against the rules" then.

In the meantime, the giant was busy swinging his club. Through the newspapers he controlled he caused editorials to be written, insisting that Person should be hung. The papers said that Person was not an American citizen. The editor was called an anarchist, a labor agitator, a trouble maker. This was the sentiment and prejudice that the giant built up in Clinton in his effort to railroad Person to the gallows.

On the day of the shooting it was necessary to close the saloons in Clinton to prevent a lynching. While that would have well answered the giant's purpose, it would have caused too much talk. The coroner's inquest was held. Only five witnesses were examined. The remainder were suppressed. The defense was left in the dark. The coroner's jury returned

a verdict in which two things were found. First, that Tony Musser was dead, and second, that Carl Person had killed him. Both findings were admitted by the defense. Yet the recommendation was that Person be held without bail on a charge of murder to await the action of the grand jury.

State's Attorney Williams, the Democratic, prohibitionist, purist-weakling of DeWitt county, presented the case before the grand jury. Williams, during his campaign for reelection, had offered Person an office on the ticket with him, if Person would prevent a Socialist ticket from being put in the field in Clinton and would swing the vote of the strikers. Person had answered by throwing the columns of the Bulletin open to the workers and piling up the largest Socialist vote ever polled in the county.

The indictment charging murder in the first degree was returned. The names of 34 witnesses that appeared before the grand jury and testified in the case were suppressed from the indictment. This was another attempt to keep the defense in the dark—to lead Person blindfolded to the gallows, in absolute violation of the accepted rules of court procedure.

Person remained in jail five months. But not a week went by that the Strike Bulletin didn't come out. In his cell the editor continued his writing. The publicity shot gun was kept oiled up and in working order and the giant found that David was still in the field.

Attorney Comerford tried every means possible in the country courts to get Person admitted to bail. Then he sprung a surprise on the I. C. He sued out a writ of habeas corpus in Chicago and subpoenaed all of the Illinois Central witnesses. This was an unexpected blow to the giant, for it provided the defense with all of the Illinois Central testimony, was the means of convincing the public of the attempt that is being made to judicially murder an innocent man, and in the end brought about Person's release on \$12,000 bonds.

Back at his desk again, Person has renewed his attacks on the Illinois Central stronger than ever. Mail matter of all forms is pouring out of the Bulletin office every day. The strike of the 35,000 shop men is being advertised all over the coun-

try. The greed of the Illinois Central and the Harriman Lines is being written in box car letters in the minds of the workers far and wide.

DeWitt county has been canvassed—every one of the 500 square miles of it—by notaries public for the defense, and 512 affidavits secured to show that prejudice is so great against Person that it would be impossible for him to get a fair trial in a county where the control of the Illinois Central is all powerful. In Clinton, it is shown that from the mayor down, all of the officials either work for the Illinois Central or have business relations with the road.

The state's attorney has secured 476 affidavits to the effect that no prejudice exists. He is fighting the change of venue. He is trying to force Person to

trial in DeWitt county, where prejudice wants to hang him. At the present time there is only one surviving judge in the district, and he has now continued for the third time, the hearing on the change of venue motion. What will his decision be?

In the meantime the Railway Employees Department of the American Federation of Labor and the Person Defense League of Chicago have launched nation-wide campaigns to gather funds for Person's defense. Donations to these funds are being received in Chicago by William 'McInerney, treasurer of the Person Defense League, with offices in room 606, at 166 West Washington street, and by John Scott, treasurer of the Railway Employees' Department of the American Federation of Labor, at 301 Sawyer building, St. Louis, Mo.

In the long hours of the night, here in the silence of the jail, I hear the tread of the marchers in the sorrowing army of the unemployed. The sound is like distant funeral music. Its theme is suffering—the suffering of Man. It makes the heart sick. I wonder and wonder the why of it all.

The newspapers record only part of the ghastly tragedies of the social drama—Poverty. Yet enough is printed to make one stagger in the presence of the horrors pictured.

Today we are told that one hundred and fifty thousand men in Illinois are roaming the streets seeking a chance to honestly earn their bread. They are weary, and cold, and hungry, and homeless. We know the story of their crying souls. We are one with them. We have known the wandering search for work. Fear of enforced idleness is indelibly written in the memory of the toiler. He knows the toll exacted—the toll in pain.

If this is a gray study of the facts, in what sadder color can we picture the sufferings of the women and children who share and bear the burdens of poverty? Child life is being crushed and destroyed. Song is banished from the home. In the gaslighted sweatshops the music of dollar-making goes merrily on. Social joy-riders move through the night entirely unmindful of the cost of their gaiety. Maybe this is as it should be, and maybe it is not.

Necessity compels a protest. The victims organize in self-defense. The organization is called a Labor Union. Its purpose is to free men from poverty—a freedom necessary to a free manhood. The effort is met with the organized assault of the beneficiaries of greed—the thoughtless, selfish seekers for gold.

A bell strikes in the neighboring church tower. Its tuneful message floats through the jail. It says that all is well, and the words of the Nazarene still live on. Yet, in the shadow of the church children are crying, women are sighing and life is dying.

The march of the dollarless, living dead, goes on. Even I, locked in a cell, am better off than the marchers.

CARL E. PERSON.
County Jail, Clinton, Illinois.



A PROCESSION OF PROSTITUTES.

The Japanese Geisha Girls

By S. KATAYAMA

THE Japan of today is a snug home of modern capitalism. There is plenty of cheap labor and the population is increasing by about five or six hundred thousand every year. There are no factory or labor laws in the land that might protect the workers. Even a mere child, five or six years of age, can be put to work in a factory. They work in two shifts of $11\frac{1}{2}$ to 12 hours each, thus compelling girls to work in the spinning factories at night.

Girls in Japan are not only worked like mules in the mills, but are subjected to the most disgraceful life, I mean the brothel. There are approximately 200,000 legal prostitutes in Japan proper. Besides these there is probably the same number of geisha girls, who sing and dance in the restaurants. They are a sort of higher

type of prostitute who serve the rich, entering their families as professional entertainers of guests. The only difference between the legal prostitute and the geisha girl is that the latter has freedom and independence in her way of living. However, a large number of them are owned by slave-holders, who buy and sell them only in the manner of gentlemen's dealings. In each case it is done mostly after getting her consent and choice. While in the case of the former, it is entirely different. Every prostitute must be legally certified and she must be kept in a fixed quarter. She cannot get out without permission or a responsible guide from the quarter. Usually the quarter where these poor slaves are kept is surrounded by a wall and the gates are watched by the police. Moreover, legally instituted brothels are permitted to



THREE NEW ARRIVALS.

open up show windows where the girls stand in rows, human beings for sale.

For instance, Yoshiwara, that is the quarter of Tokyo, has been the infamous legal institution of prostitutes for centuries. There are several thousand slave girls in Yoshiwara who are kept like birds in cages. The public does not wonder at the institution as such, although many youths are corrupted on account of it. Yoshiwara is the biggest of the brothels in Japan and some of the finest buildings are there and an enormous amount of capital is invested by the rich and equally big profits are realized. In this respect Japan is no exception to the rule expounded by Bernard Shaw in his "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Only in Japan prostitution is more open and exploited than anywhere else. According to bourgeois morality it is virtuous for a girl to become a prostitute for the sake of her parents. When a new, nice-looking girl is bought and brought to the place, it is advertised in the best dailies that she became a public woman to help out the troubles of the poor mother or some such story that might get sympathy from the public. Quite a number of brothel keepers hunt out good-looking girls in some out-of-the-way country villages and make contracts with the parents of the girls, usually for three years. But once dragged into this life, there is hardly a chance of escape and they end their lives in misery and despair.

The brothel keepers at Yoshiwara advertise girls not only in newspapers, but also through some direct and striking means. The accompanying pictures are the advertisements gotten up this year, when the cherry trees were in bloom. The best looking prostitutes from the three principal brothels are attired in their prettiest dresses. Each puts on high clogs, some over a foot high, and go around the streets in a procession, as is shown in the pictures. The attire of each prostitute some times costs as much as several thousand yen. The show continues for a month or so on every day in fine weather. The onlookers crowd there each day and they are not only men, but also women and young girls, of all classes, and the parade is talked of and advertised all over the country. This procession has now been going on for weeks and card stores are adorned with pictures of it.

Such is the state of things in Japan. The rich are financially interested in the legal institution of prostitution and the government gets taxes from the business. Every charity organization gets a rich contribution from the brothels, as do also the religious bodies. Even the Salvation Army, that was imported from England, is well Japanized by this time and is advocating only the reform of prostitutes and their manner of living. Thus the time honored institution of prostitution, unhindered,

serves as a means of money making for the rich. It is true that keeping a brothel is not an honorable profession in Japanese society, generally speaking, but it is an institution that is well supported by the people, especially by the rich capitalists.

Some two years ago the Yoshiwara was entirely destroyed by fire, leaving the prostitutes homeless. But soon bigger and better buildings were put up and the business is again flourishing.

Such is the ethics and customs of Japan, and held up as sound by the bourgeois public. No one questions its injustice and immorality. Only a few years ago it was legally established at the court that one cannot compel a girl to serve a creditor in person—that is, the brothel keeper cannot keep her against her will and compel her to lead a life of shame, and any prostitute can leave this disgraceful life at her own choice. There were some who really left the business by the help of the Salvation Army, but it was only temporarily. Now, again, the prostitutes are kept like slaves and there is no means of escape from the evil life.

We have no statistics about prostitutes, showing how long they live, etc., but they are better taken care of by their masters or owners. They have medical examination often and are treated in a special hospital; so perhaps they are far better off than the spinning girls.

A few years ago the government investigated seven provinces which supply most of the spinning girls. In one year these seven provinces sent out 16,789 girls. Of these, 7,320 girls returned to their homes. Out of these, 938 girls went home on ac-



FOR SALE.

count of illness, 109 girls took sick after returning home, and 279 girls died after they returned, making a total of 1,326 girls. About a half of these are consumptives. One province, Niigata, sent 6,000 girls, and within three years about one-half of them returned to their homes on account of sickness.

Thus our poor girls are terribly exploited and, as I said above, there are no protective laws for women and children. This is the direct result of the Japanese bourgeois civilization and it must be destroyed at any cost.





CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

Current Styles in Governmental Bunk

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

WHEN the Interstate Commerce Commission was investigating the financial wreck of the New Haven Railroad it found that in eight years the capitalization of that road was increased 1500 per cent and that a very large part of the increase was not represented by improvements of any kind, but was merely the graft or "benefits" pulled off for the insiders that had control of the property. Nevertheless the increased capitalization was a burden on the road, the operations of which must be taxed to pay the resulting dividends and interest charges.

That meant that the charges must be passed along for the public to pay, and that meant that all of them must in the end come out of the toiler.

About \$125,000,000 of such "benefits" in the shape of these issues of interest-bearing securities were traced to the fortunate insiders, and suits were subsequently

begun to try to recover these amounts. But in any case the securities remain a charge upon the property that the public must pay and in the end this charge must fall upon the back of the producer.

One of these operations may serve as a sample of all. There was a piece of trolley road, more or less junk, that bore the resounding name of the New York, Westchester & Boston. Its stock, we now learn, on high authority, was worth "10 cents a pound," but its purchase would afford a good opportunity to issue more securities for the benefit of the gentlemen on the inside, and others, and also to make further deals. So this junk railroad was hitched up with other "properties," some real and some imaginary, having a total outside worth for everything of not more than \$4,722,348, and for the lot price of \$11,550,000 was fixed up and paid through Morgan & Co. to Oakleigh Thorne, a very prominent banker of New York. The ex-

aminers of the Interstate Commerce Commission subsequently found that the following was the distribution made of the money involved in this extraordinary purchase:

To C. H. Smith for "surrendering a contract".....	\$1,050,000.00
To J. P. McDonald, for negotiating the same	375,000.00
To Thorne and Perry in commissions	784,560.00
To Thorne and Perry for surrendering their contract.....	275,000.00
Unaccounted for because of burning of Thorne's books.....	1,032,000.00
For Portchester stock (face value \$156,000)	970,000.00
To W. C. Gotschall for "maps and plans"	116,000.00
To lawyers for "legal fees".....	260,000.00
To N. Y. R. R. and Development Company for stock.....	750,000.00
For New York City and Contract Company, property.....	4,722,347.15
Underwriting, brokers' commissions and miscellaneous not specifically accounted for.....	816,093.15

In turning over the accounts of these transactions the examiners found entries of enormous sums paid to lawyers of prominence, including a justice of the Supreme Court and his firm, a congressman (\$65,900), two justices of the Supreme court of New York and others.

Afterward President Mellen of the New Haven on the witness stand before the commission was asked about this transaction and recalled that it was necessary to amend the franchise of one of the companies involved before the deal could go through, and he said that to get this change made it was necessary to deal liberally with the city politicians. The late Thomas Byrnes, formerly superintendent of New York's police, Mellen said, acted as intermediary in the transaction of acquiring 24,000 shares of a certain stock, "held by persons of influence." Mr. Mellen said:

"When Byrnes came to me, he was all ready to turn over the stock. But I considered the franchises of the Westchester Company defective in many particulars. I told him there could be nothing doing until the franchises were amended. I gave him a list of the amendments I wanted and also insisted that certain litigation be cleared up. All of my demands were promptly met."

Mellen said that the New York City officials—he, thought the Board of Estimate or the Board of Aldermen—amended the franchises. He could not tell how the deal was put through or whether Police Inspector Byrnes did business direct with the politicians.

"I didn't want to know," he said. "All I was after was results for the New Haven road, and I would have done business with the devil himself had it been necessary."

And again:

"I am satisfied this stock was originally issued to contractors and they placed it where it would do the most good."

"You mean they used it to bribe politicians?"

"Well, I mean they used it to get influence. Of course, I don't know all about it. We found the shares of the road scattered. One big block was in Byrnes' hands. We had to have it, and I did business with Byrnes."

"What was the Westchester stock worth?"

"I would say about 10 cents a pound."

"Yet you exchanged good New Haven stock or money for it?"

"I did."

So here is where go some of the profits from the increased cost of living. The farmers do not get it and the workers do not get it, but the parasites are taking it in hand over fist. And if the job were done when they get the money, there would be some limit to the essential graft. But the fact is that in nearly every case these transactions represent or culminate in the issuing of securities that constitute forever afterward a tax upon the operation of the railroad, to be paid by the public and passed along to the toiler.

Yet this New Haven Railroad, thus revealed as a producer of wealth for the insiders, is notorious for the low scale of wages it pays to its employers and in the last few years has borne an unenviable reputation for the number of its accidents.

But the New Haven is only one small example of where It Goes To. The cases of the 'Frisco, the Rock Island, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and other roads offer illustrations just as gross. While the trainmen with equal chances of being injured and one chance in six of being killed are creating this wealth for very little pay, the gentlemen on the inside are raking it off for themselves in always increasing volume. Where they are not concealing behind huge stock issues and crooked deals like that in New York, Westchester & Boston, they are taking staggering dividends. Look for instance at this table of the recent dividends paid by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, as given by Poor's Manual, the standard authority in railroad finance:

1902.....	7 per cent
1903.....	7 per cent
1904.....	17 per cent

1905.....	20 per cent
1906.....	20 per cent
1907.....	20 per cent
1908.....	20 per cent
1909.....	85 per cent
1910.....	20 per cent
1911.....	55 per cent
1912.....	20 per cent

In addition to millions of dollars distributed in the shape of stock dividends.

So it is pretty plain here where It Goes To. The farmer doesn't Get It, and the worker doesn't Get It, but the case is very different when you turn to the records of the fortunate gentlemen on the inside of these industries.

Those that have not told us that tariff tinkering would cure all our ills, and those that have not expatiated to us on the beauties of thrift and "getting on in the world," have been kind enough to say that Government Regulation of our trouble would make us all happy and cause papa's wages to go twice as far as they can go now.

These would seem to be persons of a degree of hopefulness only to be described as superhuman.

For twenty-five years we have been trying by regulation to achieve some beneficial change in the situation, and the net result of all the nation's effort in these directions has been ridiculous failure. The simple fact that in these twenty-five years the situation for the working class has not improved but only grown steadily worse is in itself enough to condemn all these efforts at parlor and lady-like reform, for in all this time the cost of living has not ceased to mount upon the workers, nor has there been at any time a corresponding increase in wages. But the truth is that while the workers constitute the great majority of the population nobody has considered them in all this legislation, nor, as I shall show a little later, has it been possible for the workers to secure the slightest real attention to their desires, even when what they want is a matter of plain and simple justice and of the utmost importance to the welfare of the nation.

But to come back to the failure of regulation, and to look at it merely from the point of view of the classes it was intended to benefit, take railroad regulations, for instance. We began that in 1886, and for the last twelve years every congress has

regularly testified to the failure of the railroad laws by passing a new set designed to correct the weakness of the laws in existence, and each new law has been found on trial to be as flabby and inefficient as the old.

A very good example of this kind of legislative tom-foolery may be found in the long-drawn out efforts to stop the species of railroad swindling that consists in the giving of rebates to favored shippers. Every one of our railroad regulative measures has aimed to stop rebating and on its passage each of these laws has been hailed as at last the sure and effective remedy. The Elkins law of 1903 was certain to stop rebates, the Roosevelt law of 1906 made them utterly impossible and the Taft law of 1910 abolished the last chance that any railroad, however dishonest, could ever slip by with a rebate to anybody. The result being that today there is probably in bulk as much rebating as there ever was, the only change being that it is more cleverly concealed and that whereas in former days small shippers had some chance at these favors, today they are confined exclusively to the big establishments, which thereby secure still another advantage over their smaller competitors.

Many good souls but easily deceived will probably be shocked at my statement that there is in bulk as much rebating as ever and some may think it merely an extravagance. I purpose in this article to make no assertion without the authority therefor, and in this instance the deduction I have drawn is based upon an authority no less than the Interstate Commerce Commission. In a decision handed down January 27, 1914, the commission unreservedly denounced the practice of rebating as widespread, unlawful and operating to the disadvantage of smaller manufacturing concerns throughout the United States. These rebates, the commission found, were often disguised as elimination of demurrage on "industrial lines" owned by the manufacturing plants and claiming to be common carriers, the admission of such industrial lines to the benefits of the so-called "per diem arrangements," and in other ingenious ways; but they were none the less rebates and unlawful. The decision then proceeded to give an astounding list of the rebates it had discovered, and, of course, where it succeeded in digging up one instance there are probably one hundred that

it did not unearth. Some of the largest railroad companies and most important manufacturing enterprises in the country, conducted by eminent gentlemen whose devotion to law and order is vociferous whenever there is a strike, were proved by the commission to be habitual violators of the statutes against rebating.

Thus the "National Tube Company, one of the subsidiaries of the United States Steel Corporation, the decision says, "has forced the line carriers to concede divisions to it out of their rates, which during 1911 are shown to have been \$425,000. This exceeded the entire operating expense of the plant railway for that year."

A long list of industrial companies, among them the Republic, Pittsburgh, Bethlehem, and Cambria steel companies; the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, and the Wheeling Steel and Iron Company, are named as having received such preferences and discriminations.

The commission found that during the fiscal year 1912 the Pennsylvania Railroad had paid \$1,019,910, the New York Central \$660,057, and the Baltimore & Ohio \$530,317 in allowances to industrial railways. Five industrial lines received more than \$1,000,000 in per diem reclaims."

"In many cases," says this memorable decision, "the cash revenues received by these plant railways out of the rates of the line carriers are sufficient to lift from the industries the entire cost of their operation." It says that in many instances the plant railway also is able "to declare large dividends on its stock held by the industry." The Baltimore and Sparrows Point Railroad Company, the plant railroad of the Maryland Steel Company, paid annual dividends on such stock during the last eleven years that "aggregated more than 423 per cent, and have ranged from 20 to 55 per cent a year."

Fifteen million dollars a year, according to this decision, is a conservative estimate of the rebates thus concealed—years after all these laws have made all forms of rebating absolutely illegal and prohibited them under heavy penalties. And all these investigations of the commission, it must be borne in mind, take no account of the enormous rebates that are concealed in other ways.

The decision further points out that allowances paid to and free services per-

formed for large industrial plants relieve them of a heavy expense they would otherwise have to bear as part of their manufacturing costs. On the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh alone there are 233 such plants where the railroad performs services free.

Such allowances, the decision says, "are an example of the special concessions and rebates in service that shippers with a large traffic are able to wring from the carriers in consideration of being permitted to handle the traffic or share with other lines in its carriage."

Or to take another handy and ever present illustration, observe the prodigious efforts of the government to deal with the mighty trust problem and what a hash it has admittedly made of the job.

Twenty-four years have passed since the blessed Sherman anti-trust law was passed and cackling reformers said we had come to the end of our trust troubles. Today there are easily ten times as many trusts in the United States as when the law was passed and they are a hundred times more powerful and arrogant. The law so far as these powerful combinations of capital are concerned, has been merely a joke or worse.

Whenever a trust has been prosecuted under this law, even when a trust has been ordered by the Supreme Court of the United States to be "dissolved" it has merely advanced to greater profits and greater power. Three years after the Standard Oil trust had been "dissolved" under the Sherman act, the value of its securities had exactly doubled and its prosperity was the greatest in its history. The American Tobacco Company seems to have received similar advantages from its "dissolution" by the same august body. Proceedings have been pending for years against the United States Steel Corporation and other great trusts, but even when these have been investigated and specifically denounced by committees of Congress the cases against them have never gotten anywhere. There is a punishment of penal servitude provided by this law, but not a trust magnate has ever gone to prison under it. In spite of the fact that the supplies of every great necessity of life in this country are now controlled by a trust.

Very different, it will be recalled, has been the experience of labor unions and labor leaders under the same law. It was

never designed by the men that drew it, to be applied to labor unions. It has been enforced against them vigorously on more than one occasion. It was designed against combinations of capital and against such combinations it has been a dead letter.

Men are now under sentence of imprisonment in New Jersey for agitating against one of these trusts at a time of a strike; the gentlemen that conduct the trust have never at any time been in danger of jail for violating the anti-trust law.

To show now what has been the situation of the working class in all these reforming activities I cite a piece of history that ought to be familiar to all citizens of the United States and still is but little known.

In 1907 the Supreme Court handed down its famous decision in the Danbury Hatters case, the essence of which was that a labor union could be held financially liable for damages to business resulting from a strike.

Ever since the unions have been trying to have the Sherman law amended so that it will no longer be possible for courts to read into it a construction that was never intended by the framers of the act; in other words to amend the law so as to exclude in so many words all labor unions and farmers' associations.

For years Congress contemptuously refused to so much as listen to the plea of the unions for this elemental justice. I remember that in 1908 the House Committee on Labor refused to give to Mr. Gompers so much as one minute in which to state his case. At last the unions succeeded in compelling the Democratic party to pledge itself in its national platform to make the desired change in the law. When the Democrats obtained control of the government the unions asked for the fulfillment of that pledge. President Wilson prepared a new anti-trust law, being another experiment in feeble reform, and the unions desired to have an amendment added that would save labor from persecution under the Sherman law. They drew up one that would have had such a result. The Democratic leaders cried out against it as too drastic and revolutionary; the President, also, was unalterably opposed to it. A contest was precipitated, ending in a long con-

ference and a compromise. The result was that an amendment was adopted pretending to exclude the unions, but in reality doing no such thing, while under cover an adroit provision was slipped over to make injunctions in labor cases easier and more oppressive than ever.

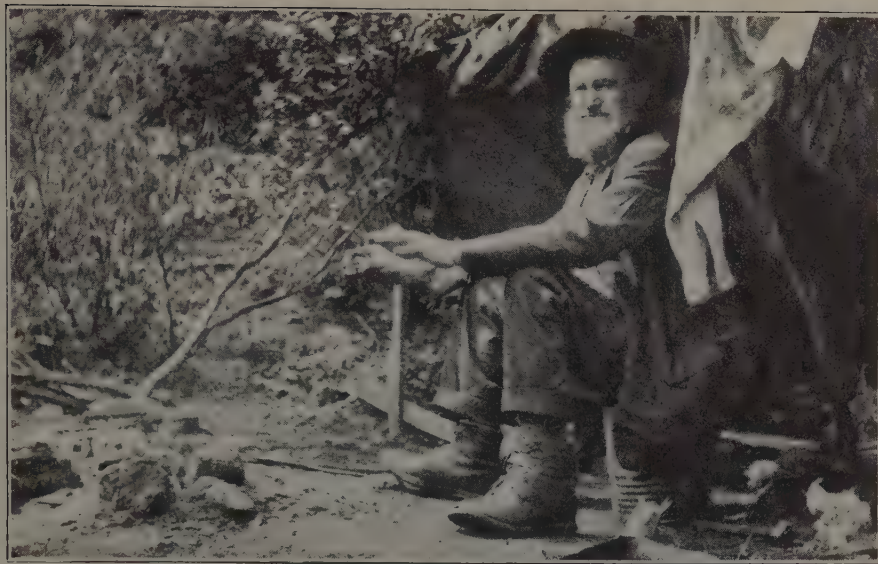
This has been the universal history of labor in all these legislative experiments. While the working class has all these years been the overwhelming majority of the population, and while every bad condition that was complained of bore far more heavily upon the workers than upon any other class, the workers have never been considered for a moment until their complaints and grievances became in the single instance of the Sherman law too threatening to be longer ignored.

Whereupon they were recognized—to the extent of being outrageously fooled, defrauded and humbugged.

It is evident, therefore, that there is no more hope of relief in regulation than there was found to be in tariff tinkering. All of these things are mere devices to distract the working class from its wrongs and their real remedy.

There has been no relief to the worker and there will be none so long as he remains unrepresented in the affairs of his nation.

Two-thirds of the voters of the United States belong to the working class; nine-tenths of the members of Congress belong exclusively to the parasite class. That is where the trouble comes in. If the working class does not wish to be represented it need not be; but in that position it stands alone among all the working classes of the world. Everywhere else the truth is being recognized that it is utterly impossible for the workers to have justice from a government conducted by and for the exploiters. Consequently, elsewhere the working class is moving on toward what belongs to it. We need not join that procession unless we wish; but if we resolutely refuse to use the means we have in our hands to secure justice, we ought not to complain if the government and the courts seem organized against us and meantime the cost of living continues to increase but there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries.



THROWN ON THE SCRAP HEAP.

AN OLD TIMER

The Story of the Migratory Worker

By THE FLYING SQUADRON

WHEN the Home Guard worker is thrown on the industrial scrap heap he is, at least, surrounded by friends or relatives. He has been a resident of the town and is well known in the community. Through the influence of some of his friends he can get into the County Poor House. But far different is the story of the migratory worker.

On account of the industrial conditions, the migratory worker is forced from place to place in search of a job. A few weeks' work in the harvest fields, and then he is off to some construction job which is completed perhaps in two or three months, making it impossible for the migratory worker to have a home.

He cannot vote at the city election; he has no political pull; he has no influential friends; no bank account. He belongs to no church or lodge. It is true that he pays hospital fees every month whenever he is employed, but the moment he leaves the

job his receipt for the hospital fee is null and void. Some times he has two or three jobs in a month.

In Humboldt County, California, the labor unions maintain one of the best equipped hospitals on the Pacific Coast. For ten dollars a year a worker can get a Union Labor Hospital ticket.

But the lumber corporations still collect the monthly hospital fee, in spite of the fact that many of the men are paying into their own hospital.

The trade unions of Eureka, Cal., took this case to the Supreme Court of the state. What did the Supreme Court decide? It maintained that the employer could not take out the hospital fee against the will of the employee, but that the employer can, upon employing a man, lay down certain regulations and conditions, and if the employee does not care to accept them the employer can refuse him employment.

According to the Supreme Court, it is

unlawful for the boss to do this, but if the slave does not like it he can become a tramp. Such is the way of the law.

The following is the story of one Jack O'Brien, one of the many thousands of worn-out migratory workers.

In the summer of 1912 the Modesto Water Company was constructing an irrigation canal near Modesto, Cal. Through the fault of the company-loving foreman's attempts to save powder, a certain blast did not do its work, leaving an overhanging ledge of dirt and rock. Some of the workmen protested, saying the cut was dangerous. But the foreman commanded them to get back on the job.

Contrary to the opinion of our well-to-do and comfortable "public" that the hobo will not work, the men realized that if they refused to go on they would again be thrown out of work on an already overcrowded labor market to become tramps, facing the hardships of hunger and want, and they stuck.

We met O'Brien at Colfax, Cal., huddled up to a camp fire with a few blankets and some tin cans between some bushes, and a canvas stretched out overhead. This was his home. O'Brien is sixty-five years old. He was injured while making profits for a boss. The Marshal of Colfax refused to send him to the County Hospital. The trainmen refused to give him a lift. With a crippled foot and the rheumatism, he is unable to walk. The only food he gets is

from passing hoboes or migratory workers. This is very little, for these men have not much for themselves.

What about the California Compensation Act? Well, O'Brien was hurt before this act became a law. And even if he had been hurt after, it is doubtful if he would have benefited.

And so there he lies on the Scrap Heap, worn out and lonely, awaiting the appearance of the passing hobo who may be kind enough and sufficiently supplied to stop and cook up a meal which he may share.

Like a worn-out machine that can no longer be used, O'Brien lies rejected of respectable society. This is the story of the migratory worker and every worker everywhere today.

Ye slaves, arise! The remedy for such conditions lies in organization. Unite in One Big Union and build up a system of society wherein every worker will be able to live like a human being. Then when our Day of Work is done, we shall know that a comfortable old age awaits us. The man who has planted and harvested shall spend his days in plenty. The builder shall have a roof over his head. And comfort shall be his portion. The man who has toiled shall not want for any needful thing! Then men like poor old Jack O'Brien will have something to look forward to besides a six-foot plot of ground, a barrel of quicklime and the Potter's Field.



ON THE ROAD.



MINERS' HALL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The Revolt at Butte

By WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

EVERY swing of the miner's pick, every chug of the machine drill, shortens the life of a mining camp.

Every carload of ore that is hoisted is measuring the heart beats of Butte, Montana. But as long as copper is mined in that camp the people who live and work there will keep in memory the eventful days of June 13 and June 23, 1914. "Hoodoo" and "skidoo" days. The miners got in two splendid shifts' work. "They picked down, mucked back, set up, drilled a full round and blasted. Every hole broke bottom."

This reference in miners' parlance to the revolt in Butte, Montana, means that nearly 7,000 men gave vent to spontaneous action against the iniquities that they have suffered. For many years the

Miners' Union has been under the control of the Anaconda Copper Company. A contract had been imposed upon them in which originally they had no voice in the making. The infamous permit card system is a later development. It was a similar blacklisting scheme that was inaugurated by the mining companies in the Coeur d'Alenes after the great strike of 1899, when a permit to seek employment was required of every man looking for a job. At that time a miner who secured work was compelled to abjure his connection with the Western Federation of Miners, and it was against this infamous "permit system" that Mike Devine in his dying words said: "Boys, don't sign."

Thirty-six years ago the miners of

Butte formed a union for the mutual protection and advancement of the men who spent most of their lives underground and in working around the mines. Since then many of the old timers have found permanent underground homes in the great cemetery in the flat below Butte. Eighty-five thousand are buried there, mostly miners. In the years that have gone there has been a continuous procession of the members of the Miners' Union from their hall to the graveyard.

As the mines of Butte developed the decimated ranks of the pioneer miners were filled with newcomers from the many corners of the earth. The union grew in numbers, in power and in purpose, it became the warp and woof of the economic, social and civic life of the great copper camp. Men were proud of their union. A membership card of Butte Miners' Union was cherished as a family relic.

June 13 was the anniversary of the organization, it was the annual fete. On that day the mines closed down, the whistles were silent. Under a canopy of sulphurous smoke from burning piles of ore, Butte celebrated. The thousands of miners marched in parade, speeches were made, a good time was had and a new year begun.

Then came a change—crooked scheming politicians sought to advance their interests through their influence in the union. The personal squabbles and ambitions of the copper magnates, Clark, Daly and Heinze, were bitterly fought among the miners. When the trust was formed, the Standard Oil, Rockefeller's interests, became the dominant factor of the Amalgamated Company. John D. Ryan, the man of his master's initials, resident manager of the Robber Oil and Copper Barons, was wise in his day and hour and saw the need of controlling the union as well as the mines and smelters.

Insidiously the work of cultivating traitors among the members of the union was prosecuted. The black-hearted and weak-kneed found the trail that led to the sixth floor of the Big Ship (the company's store), where the offices were located. There the stool-pigeons—the copper-collared slaves—got their instructions as to how to lead their fellow workers to the shambles. The elections of the union

were so manipulated that the company tools were elected to official positions. There were few exceptions.

It was during one of the periods when true union men had a voice in the union that the crucial test came. The miners demanded an increase in wages to meet the advanced cost of living. With the approved methods of the I. W. W., the Western Federation of Miners, then being an integral part of the Industrial Workers of the World, the local regularly amended its constitution, providing for a minimum wage of \$4.00 per day and \$4.50 for sinking. A committee was appointed by the union to notify the companies of the change in the constitution, which was to go into effect May 1, 1907. From this event we can follow with the certainty of a surveyor's stakes on a section line other events that led up to the tragic revolt of the rank and file during the days of June 13 and 23, 1914.

When the company was informed that a raise of 50 cents a day was demanded, John D. Ryan, manager, and Superintendent Gillie said that they would not grant the raise and threatened to close down the Amalgamated properties if the miners stood by their amended constitution. They agreed that work should continue uninterrupted on the basis of a sliding scale, wages to be determined by the market price of copper. At this juncture Manager Ryan and Superintendent Gillie told the committee that they must have a contract.

It is interesting at this time to note that the agent of Rockefeller in Butte imposed a five-year agreement upon the employes of the Anaconda Copper Company and that this contract has since been renewed, is now in existence and has a year to run. John D. Rockefeller testified before the Congressional committee relative to the Colorado situation that his company would lose its millions invested in the C. F. and I. rather than recognize the United Mine Workers of America. Further, that he was fighting for the great American principle of "A man having the right to work where, when and for whom he pleases." In view of this testimony the Butte agreement becomes a significant document. It is as follows:

Whereas, the Butte Miners Union and the mining companies operating in the Butte district being desirous of perpetuating their friendly relations and at the same time have a definite understanding as to the compensation members of the union shall receive for their work from their employers, do mutually agree as follows:

1. That eight hours in each twenty-four shall constitute a shift or day's work.

2. The miners shall start to go down the shaft or other mine openings at the beginning of the shift and shall leave their place of work at the expiration of eight and one-half hours from that time, it being understood that the miner shall have one-half hour of that time in which to eat lunch. The miners to be hoisted or come from their work on their own time. It is also understood that where three consecutive shifts are employed eight consecutive hours shall constitute a day's work.

3. Where the word "miner" is used in this agreement it shall mean all underground men engaged in any of the work of mining.

4. The rate or amount of wages to be paid a miner for a day's work or proportionately for a part of a day's work to be determined as follows: The average market price per pound of electrolytic copper as given in *Engineering & Mining* for each calendar month shall be the basis of determining the rate of wages.

5. When the average monthly price of electrolytic copper shall be 18 cents per pound or over, then the wage rate shall be \$4 per day for all miners other than miners in shafts, station cuttings, winzes and station tenders, and for all miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders the wage rate shall be \$4.50 per day.

6. When the average price of electrolytic copper shall be under 18 cents per pound, then the rate of wages shall be \$3.50 per day for all miners except other than miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders; and for all miners in shafts, station cutting, winzes and station tenders the wage rate shall be \$4 per day and in no case shall the wages be less than specified in this section.

7. Should a miner's employment terminate by reason of voluntary quitting, discharge or other reason before the end of any calendar month, the rate of settlement in each case shall be as follows: The wage rate upon any settlement made for any part of the month up to and including the fifteenth of said month shall be based on the previous month's average for electrolytic copper. The wage rate for any settlement made for any part of a month extending beyond the fifteenth of said month shall be made for the whole time of employment in said month at a rate based on the average price of electrolytic copper for the first fifteen days of the calendar month of settlement.

8. Should the authority used in ascertaining the market price of copper appear to either party of this agreement to be false or wrong at any time, then either party shall have the right to request that a representative be ap-

pointed by each party and those two persons to appoint a third, a majority of whom shall decide on the method or means to be used in arriving at the correct market price of copper for the purposes of this agreement.

9. This agreement shall remain in force and effect for a period of five years from and after April 1, 1907, and thereafter until thirty days notice shall be given by either party of his desire to terminate the agreement.

This agreement was never formally voted on by the members of Butte Miners' Union, but through the influence of the companies who laid off their men with instructions how to vote on such occasion, the union constitution was so amended as to conform to the main requirements of the agreement. This sort of work was usually done at special meetings. At the time this particular agreement was supposed to have been adopted, the constitution of the Western Federation of Miners provided, Section 3, Article V, "Any contract or agreement entered into between the members of any local union and their employers, as a final settlement of any difficulty or trouble that may occur between them shall not be considered valid or binding until the same shall have the approval of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners."

The Butte agreement was never submitted to the Executive Board for its approval, it was never endorsed, but stood as a bad example and a menace to the organization until the following convention which met in Denver, June 10, 1907, where we find the following record:

Resolution No. 82, page 261, W. F. M. proceedings, 15th annual convention:

"Contracts entered into between the employing class and the working class are of benefit only to the former. Such contracts divide the workers in the struggle with their exploiters, chain one body of workers in subjection while war is being waged by another body; often compels one union to scab upon another union; destroys the class instinct of the worker; leads the works by a false sense of temporary security to cease taking an active interest in the affairs of their organization, while such contracts are in force and has absolutely no place in progressive labor organizations; therefore be it

"Resolved, by the fifteenth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, That any and all signed contracts or verbal agreements for any specified length of time that may have been entered into between any local union or unions of the Western Federation of Miners are by this convention declared null and void."

This resolution was carried by a vote of 325 for, 25 against.

The constitution was amended to read "Section 4, Article V—No local union or unions of the Western Federation of Miners shall enter into any signed contract or verbal agreement for any specified length of time with their employers."

The opinions and comments of the delegates at the Fifteenth Annual Convention of the W. F. M. were sincere and forceful and are as pertinent at this time to the question of binding contractual relations with the employing class as they were the day they were uttered. Here are a few of the thoughts as expressed by the delegates on that occasion, as taken from the stenographic report:

Tom Corra—(Local No. 10): "I know that whenever a local union enters into an agreement with a corporation of any kind it is always for the interests and benefit of the corporation, and whenever it suits their purpose to break such a contract they do it with a snap of their finger."

P. C. Rawlings—(Local No. 106): "If the Western Federation of Miners will go upon record that it will not bind and assess to slave chains its members, then this convention will have done a magnificent work for humanity."

Archie Barry—(Local No. 38): "There is no necessity for putting a time limit on a contract. In my opinion it is the only proper settlement which ought to be made between the employer and the employees."

Richard Bunny—(Local No. 2): "It is a well-known fact that the giants of the railroad organization and of the bituminous and anthracite coal districts of America could furnish us with sufficient proof to show the folly of all this all along the line and demonstrate that the contract system has proven a ruinous policy wherever introduced into any labor organization in the country."

J. C. Lowney—(Local No. 1): "I was opposed at all times to enter into this contract. I say this contract was not entered into voluntarily."

P. J. Duffy—(Local No. 1): "Yes Sir, and it is not the Miners' Union that in any way brought around the word 'contract,' but it was the managers of the Amalgamated Copper Co. that did the same."

F. H. Little—(Local 159): "It was only here a few weeks ago that in San Francisco workmen who were bound up with a contract with a corporation were expelled from their union because they wouldn't scab on the telephone girls."

Thomas Booher—(Local No. 1): "The Hod Carriers of Butte, Montana, receive a dollar and a half to two dollars a day more than the man who takes his life in his hands to go down under ground. . . . I challenge any member of this organization to show me the time since the Standard Oil Company took its first breath of life that that corporation has not

been one of murder and rampage from the Atlantic to Pacific ocean."

Ed O'Byrne—(Local No. 1): "I contend that nobody at this present time has got any right whatever to make a contract or agreement that shall bind men to come for five years hence or one year hence. . . . A man who has got nothing but his labor power for sale and his employer cannot enter into a contract."

Joe Shannon—(Local No. 1): "We are worse off today than when we were working for \$3.50 per day. We had a committee appointed to see the business men and the merchants, and of course they gave us that little tune that they wouldn't raise prices any more unless they were forced to."

Charles Bunting—(Local No. 180): "I will say at the start that I am absolutely opposed to any time agreement. . . . We turned the thing down and since that time we have got a wage schedule which we consider as good as any in the country. There will be no time agreements in the boundary district."

R. Randall—(Local 320): "It is my opinion that the time will come in the near future when the membership of the Western Federation of Miners will be bound down by contract the same as are the United Mine Workers if we do not take this action."

Albert Ryan—(Local 101): "I claim that no local of the Western Federation of Miners or any working class organization has a right of any kind to make a contract with the masters."

John H. Bottomly—(Local 16): "I was opposed to the time contract and I fought the time contract as hard as I knew how."

Thomas Reilly—(Local 117): "Ryan made some such remark but that they didn't want to prolong the five years—didn't want to reduce it to five years—they wanted a ten-year contract."

Vincent St. John—(Local 220): "The only thing is for this organization to go on record as making it more clear and standing irrevocably as it has in the past—standing squarely against any contract of any kind being entered into by any employer and his employees represented by the Western Federation of Miners."

J. D. Cannon—(Local 106): "I have got the idea that since this contract was entered into it has been demonstrated on the floor of this convention that at no time and no place should the laboring class enter into a contract with the employer. Every time you enter into such a contract you are driving a nail in the coffin of the laboring class."

W. A. Willis—(Local 220): "There was a time when I couldn't see any danger in the verbal agreement; I always thought there was a great deal of danger in the written agreement. Since that time I have found there is danger in any kind of an agreement which a labor organization may enter into with their employers. The only thing that gives the labor organization any power is what they can wrest from their employers by their economic power, and whenever you tie your hands by any kind of an agreement you lose that power."

J. C. Knust—(Local No. 245): "There is no doubt but that this motion is going to carry by a majority, that it will be carried by a great majority, and the greater the majority the better. Whenever you leave it open to the different organizations of the Western Federation of Miners to enter into contract, you leave it open for graft to come into the organization."

For five years after 1907 one of the fundamental principles of the W. F. of M. was "no contracts with the employing class." During these five years many changes had taken place in the W. F. of M. and its policies. The one time militant organization withdrew from the Industrial Workers of the World and became affiliated with the A. F. of L. From that moment it became poisoned and polluted with the virus of the pure and simple trade union that has representatives in the Civic Federation proclaiming the identity of interest of capital and labor. This cancerous environment resulted in a change of policy and the following was adopted in the Twentieth Annual convention:

Resolution.

Whereas, Every year the Western Federation of Miners spends thousands of dollars for organizing purposes, and

Whereas, The results obtained from the expenditure of this large sum of money and the energetic effort of the organization along this line are comparatively few and insignificant owing to the lack of a well-defined policy on the part of the organization in dealing with the industrial problems and in the adjustment of difficulties arising between the members of this organizations and the employers, and

Whereas, Experience in the past twenty years has demonstrated to us the nonstability of our local unions under the present system of organization; therefore be it

Resolved, by this the twentieth annual convention of the Western Federation of Miners, That we recommend the adoption of the United Mine Workers system in the adjustment of any and all industrial disputes that may arise in the future between members of this organization and the employers; and be it

Resolved, That a special committee of five be appointed by the chairman of this convention to revise our constitution and amend the same to conform with the sentiment expressed in this resolution; and be it further

Resolved, That we as delegates to this convention recommend to the rank and file of this organization to adopt the same.

Moved by Secretary-Treasurer Ernest Mills, seconded by Delegate Rodrick McKenzie, No. 26, that the resolution be adopted. Total vote, Yes, 225; No, 5; Absent, 4; No vote, 8.

The stakes are driven, the constitution of the W. F. of M. is again amended. Now read it: "Local unions or groups

of local unions may enter into wage agreements for a specified time, providing such agreements have the approval of the Executive Board. Negotiations for agreements must be made between the representatives of the local or locals affected, and the employers, with at least one member of the Executive Board or representative of the general organization."

This was the dynamic force that destroyed the Miners' Union Hall in Butte. It was a long fuse that was split and primed with the "quick stuff" in the Twentieth Annual Convention. It took years to burn through, but it finally went off. It was the reaction against the adoption of the infamous contract system that brought in its train the blacklisting rustling card used as a collecting medium by the company store—to secure a rustling card a man is subjected to an examination, second only to the Bertillon.

The members of Butte No. 1 were opposed to the indignity and humiliation of submitting to investigation; they voted against the rustling card 11 to 1, but local and general officials ignored this mighty protest. Then came the final imposition, every man was compelled to have a paid-up W. F. of M. card before he could go to work. There were thousands of men in Butte broke, searching for work; a paid-up card stood between them and the chance of a job. It had always been the custom throughout the mining camps of the West to grant a man 30 or 60 days to square up.

A great mass meeting was held, a vote was taken on the question of showing cards; 6,348 voted no—243 yes. Still the officials offered no relief or protection against these outrages. Then came the revolt, a spontaneous uprising of the masses. Butte Miners' Union No. 1, W. F. of M. fell. It had been dedicated to the Rights of Man, it served as an Altar of Mammon, and crumbled of its own corruption.

Out of the ruins a new union has been born. May the bitter experiences of the past make the members more vigilant of their interests in the future, and let us hope the lesson has been well learned and that the workers must depend upon themselves alone for the advancement of their class.

The following letters to the *REVIEW* are from men who have been members of Butte No. 1 for many years:

Letter Number 1.

"THE revolt which culminated in the tragedies of June 13 and 23 when the Miners' Union hall was wrecked and one man killed, and several wounded by shots fired from the hall is the result of causes dating back for a space of eighteen years.

"The causes which stand out most glaring are first, the whitewashing of a local secretary by the executive board of the W. F. of M. in the face of the fact that one of his bondsmen made good a portion of the shortage; second, the connivance of the W. F. of M. officials with local officials to prevent legally elected delegates from taking their seats at a convention; third, the complete reversal of the executive board in their position concerning time contracts between local unions and employing companies; and specifically, the championing of a constitutional amendment by Vice-President Mahoney making legal all such contracts between employes and employers; fourth, the evident connivance of local union officials with Anaconda Copper Mining Company in inaugurating the infamous card system in the Butte district, and the apathy of the W. F. of M. officials in failing to resist the same.

"The affairs of the union during all these years, except for a few short intervals, have been in the control of men who were at all times subservient to the will of the employing companies, and any proposition having for its object the betterment of conditions of the mine workers was promptly smothered. If any assistance was needed by the officials to do the smothering, it was furnished gratis by the companies, who sent a sufficient number of lackeys down from the mines to the meeting, allowing their time to go on as usual.

"President Moyer states that these conditions were never made known to him and as a consequence he made no effort to correct them. He well knows that those who opposed corporate control of the organization sent a man to the Victor convention of the W. F. of M. in 1912 to protest against these conditions and

that the convention expelled him from the W. F. of M. It comes with poor grace from Mr. Moyer at this late day to plead ignorance. He was perfectly aware of the rottenness of the Butte Union's affairs, and not only did he not attempt to cleanse them, but by his attitude he led the membership to infer that he condoned them. All his strength in the Butte district is drawn from that subservient element, as the true union men have long since given him up as hopeless, and this very element with which he now trains consists of those who deserted him when his life and those of Haywood and Pettibone were hanging in the balance at Boise.

"As a climax to all the abuses herein recited, the final one was the action of the President in declaring lost a motion, which was plainly carried, for the use of the voting machines at the election of local officers.

"The futility of further attempts to right things being apparent, the membership refused to recognize the jurisdiction of the union at the mines, and as a consequence were ordered off the job by the mine managers.

"This action resulted in a secession of the membership in general from the old union and the formation of a new union known as the Butte Mine Workers' Union.

"Prominent among the seceders are men who for many years have been noted for their working class loyalty.

"The membership of the new organization has now passed the four thousand mark, and new recruits are coming in rapidly. It promises to be an organization of class conscious workers which will be an effective weapon in the struggle which is being so bitterly waged the world over."

Letter Number 2

"THE starting of the affair was due to the condition that existed here. Contracts, rustling card system and Moyer and his bunch standing for it. We were always paying assessments to strikes in different places and nothing won—South Dakota, Utah and Michigan. Boys were paying a shift's wages together with dues and local assessments amounting to about \$5.00 a month. They did not kick until

Moyer kept the assessments on after the strike had been called off.

"The Anaconda Mining Company controlled the so-called union here by packing the meetings with their stools and the good ones could not get a look-in. At the recent election the stools got away with the judges and clerks again, as usual, so we withdrew the whole slate and let them have it all, so there wasn't any opposition and no need of election at all except the ballot on headquarters.

"There wasn't 500 ballots cast all day, although the stools gave to the papers that there was 3,200 votes cast, which everybody knew was a lie. The judges had a swell time boozing up at the expense of the slaves.

"The boys were all sore and the bunch at the Speculator mine said: 'The next time the delegates come up here to examine cards, we don't show them any more.' And they didn't, so the foreman sent the whole shift home. They got busy with the night shift, which went out to work, but wouldn't show cards, and they were sent home. But before the bunch left the mine they kicked the heads off the delegates and some bodyguards they had along with them.

"The two shifts marched back downtown and held a meeting in the Auditorium. It was decided to take a referendum vote as to whether or not they would continue to show W. F. M. cards at the mines in order to work. The turnout was great. Total number votes cast, 6,633. Votes cast against showing W. F. M. cards at mines, 6,348; for showing cards, 243. There were 42 spoiled ballots.

"At a change day meeting of 5,000 a motion to reorganize into a union to be

known as Butte Mine Workers' Union was carried without a dissenting vote and temporary officers were elected.

"Headquarters were immediately secured and 4,000 members have been enrolled to date (July 7).

"Of course, Moyer showed up on the scene to save his meal ticket, with some of his official bodyguards. He arranged a meeting in the old hall and 150 went up, including his bodyguard and special deputies furnished by the courthouse bunch. There were thousands gathered in front of the hall to see who would attend, but nobody was interfered with.

"The trouble started in about half an hour, when one of their own members started up the stairs to the meeting and was shot down by one of Moyer's gunmen. A minute or so after one of his bunch stuck a rifle out of a window upstairs and started shooting into the crowd on the street, killing one man and wounding several.

"Some few fellows in the crowd had pocket guns and started shooting at the 'gun' in the window and in a short time there were hundreds of guns in action from the crowd on the street. They thought the walls too thick for rifles and six-shooters, so someone hollered, 'If we can't vote Moyer out of office, we will blast him out.' And Moyer's meal ticket was some sight when they got through with it. Moyer and his 'guns' made their get-away down the fire ladder in the rear into an auto and never stopped until they landed in Helena, 75 miles away.

"The next we heard of him was through the Governor who wired Muckey McDonald that Moyer had called and requested him to send soldiers to Butte."





NATIVES PREPARING FEAST OF ROAST PIG.

OUR SUBJECTS IN THE FAR SOUTH SEAS

By Marion Wright

DURING the last four years of the nineteenth century the United States went into the island land grabbing business. Beginning in 1896, our glorious republic forcibly annexed the Hawaiian group at the instance of the missionaries and sugar barons to whom it was immediately surrendered, and followed in rapid succession with the gobbling of Porto Rico, Guam, the Philippines and the Samoan group. In the shuffle Cuba was incidentally taken away from Spain and handed over to our own sugar trust. In all this new territory acquired there were only two jokers hidden on the capitalists. These two were little, worthless Guam, situated a thousand miles from nowhere and producing nothing, and the Samoan islands. Still, both of these places

serve the capitalistic ends in a way, as they are used as Naval Bases from which our ships of war may dart out and inflict "dollar diplomacy" on any people who fail to fork over in accordance with the Wall street plan.

Tutuila, Samoa, and two smaller islands were acquired by the United States in 1899 by mutual agreement with two other international highwaymen, England and Germany, who whacked up the remainder of the group among themselves. We got the island of Tutuila with its fine harbor of Pago-Pago as a naval station and England took the city of Apia with the largest island. Germany also got her share. The natives protested as usual and of course received the usual answer—a hail of machine gun bullets, after which the survivors

were content to do as the missionaries said and to drag in their cocoanut taxes like good citizens.

As Tutuila has an area of only fifty-four square miles with a population of about thirty-five hundred, it is hardly worth while exploiting, especially as the principal port is occupied by the navy and the island is out of the present track of vessels trading through the Pacific.

It is a revelation to an American citizen to visit this far-away colony of ours, and so that we may understand something of the people, who will one day be a part of our Co-operative Commonwealth, the searchlight will be turned upon our subjects in the South Seas.

Few people know anything about the port of Pago-Pago (Pang-ee Pang-ee), Tutuila, Samoa. The sun comes up like a crash of clanging cymbals down in Pangee-Pangee, and when the tropic twilight dies before it is born, the Southern Cross gets tangled in the royal stays of a trader or glows warmly through a rift in the fringe of palms. Deep, soft, and never-ceasing comes the thunder of the surf as the great green swells pound on the coral reefs. Through the groves of fruit and palm the evening brings a barbaric chant of native song. Songs to their island home—its fruits, flowers, and ancient kings—songs to the warm, scented winds and the mother sea.

This is one of the old ports of missing men: one of the havens of slave-girl dealers, gin-runners, mutineers, and cannibal feats. Here is the atmosphere that called Robert Louis Stevenson and held him, willing captive, to the day of his death. The soul of the "Seven Seas" hangs in these palm-fringed, coral-girted isles. Weary men find here the rest of the worn river that at last reaches the sea.

Here the ten commandments are *nil*. It is only the United States Naval Governor with his gunboat and "*Feeta-Feeta*" guard that makes commandments. No more may the natives cook missionaries, or trade their young women off for gin. The Governor frowns on gin, and protects the missionary. More than a hundred of the sturdiest, finest young warriors of American Samoa have discarded their head-knives to wear the regulation Navy web-belt and Krag bayonet. They also sport a blue cloth about their waists and a little blue skull cap. For

full dress occasions there is added a sleeveless Navy undershirt.

The native guardsmen, called by their countrymen "*Feeta-Feetas*," serve as police in American Samoa. There is rarely any trouble. The islanders know that the white man is strongest, and they submit to things that they don't want, and never will understand, like philosophers. They pay their cocoanut tax for the building of roads and schools, and, even against their natures, are becoming outwardly civilized.

For obvious reasons, the missionaries, and others who have the "welfare of the poor natives at heart," have never taught them the commercial value of money or the principle of trading for white men's goods. A nickel is legal tender, but a dime is entirely too small for a Samoan. They show the proper respect for gold, though a brightly polished penny has been known to accomplish as much as the genuine yellow metal. They measure money in shillings. Everything is worth a shilling. A pair of cocoanuts is worth a shilling. A boat load fetches the same price. You pay with the smallest coin you have, above a dime.

Though ignorant of money values, the Samoan is sometimes a shrewd trader. A giant warrior has been known to firmly insist upon an entire three-cake box of Pears soap in exchange for a woven mat that took his wife, or one of his wives, months, if not a year, to make. The sailor artfully held the box of perfumed soap nearer and nearer his victim. Its delicate aroma distended the nostrils of the savage, until, with a cry of delight, he yielded up the mat for one—just one—of the cakes of soap. It was not desired for his toilet set. White people are ignorant of a great many things, among them being the fact that scented soap makes ravishing soup. And it may also be cut into little cubes and used as a confection, after the manner of a high school girl with a box of chocolate creams.

A square of *tapu* cloth, made from wood fiber, wrapped about the loins, constitutes the native dress. However, they go into ecstasies over civilized clothes. It is never too warm in Samoa for a native to parade in an overcoat, or sweater, or plug hat, or all three together. They do not incline to trousers or shoes. No shoe could be found large enough to fit an adult Samoan.

The dream of every *Wahini* (Samoan



SÁMOAN WOMEN MAKING KAVA—THE NATIONAL DRINK.

woman) is to own an umbrella and a baby carriage. These articles are the brand of social excellence. The acme of exclusiveness. The paths and trails are too rough generally for a baby buggy, and a Samoan, young or old, male or female, has about as much use for an umbrella as has a frog or a sunflower. But no matter, the native woman wants them just the same, to flash about, like our own society dame with her ostentatious *lorgnette*.

The most striking quality about the Samoan is his seamanship. Born on the edge of the water, reared in the surf, and taking his food as much from the sea as the fruit trees, he makes a perfect water animal. Boats come into Pago-Pago harbor with twenty-two oars on a side. Big, husky men, naked except for a cloth about the waist, with strings of shell beads and flowers about their necks and hair, man the long oars. They keep an absolutely perfect stroke, in time to a wild chant and the music of two drummers who perch in the bow, beating their tom-toms to a never-ceasing rhythm. Sometimes a war-dancer cuts his wild figures in the bow, keeping in stroke with the music, swinging a mighty war-club to illustrate the prowess of the

ancient warriors of Samoa. The stern-sheets of these gigantic long boats hold the women, children, and trade goods of a village, and almost without exception, a fat, long-bearded, begowned missionary who bosses the village, has his pick of the women and gin, and squeals for the gun-boat whenever the natives disagree with him. Round the harbor they circle, passing and repassing the ships at anchor, and at last pull alongside to trade.

Fans, mats, *tapu* cloths, war-clubs, head-knives, *kava*-bowls, beads, shells, fruits and flowers are passed over the side in exchange for anything from good coin to half a box of shoe polish.

There are some enterprising laundrymen in Samoa. They accept white collars, cuffs, shirts, etc., with the calm assurance of a Parisian cleaner. They return them the same way, only the linen is no longer white. Shreds of fiber, vegetable stains, cocoanut oil, and scorched spots are beaten, ground, and forever pounded into the cloth. Protests are of no avail. The big, bronzed laundryman will stay on deck for hours waiting for his pay. Cuss him and he grins. Show him, man to man, that he owes you for the spoiled linen and his si-

lent, fat mirth is positively infectious. Have him put over the side by force and he paddles away in his outrigger canoe still grinning. They are as peaceable as fat cows.

Samoans are very hospitable. One gets many invitations as:

"You come my house. -You my fren'. I got nice girl. She sing. She make nice dance. She make *kava*-drink."

However, one is expected to bring a can of salmon, or some article of white man's food, when accepting such kind offers.

At the Samoan's house you sit on a clean straw mat. If you stay over night you sleep on the same. A thin *tapu* cloth serves to keep you warm and to keep off the mosquitoes. Your weary head is rested on a long joint of four-inch bamboo, fitted up with two little legs at either end to prevent it turning. This is an improvement over the wooden neck-pillow of the Japs; it is broader.

Meal-time is more enjoyable. With a few white man's delicacies to stir them to extra efforts, the *Wahinis* will prepare a feast that a cracker-eating Rockefeller would enjoy. A chicken and small pig are killed and dressed, wrapped in green leaves and roasted in the ground, or turned on a spit over the coals. Several varieties of fish are treated in the same way. Bananas and plaintains are baked in the ashes, and some prepared raw. Some fine, fresh cocoanuts are halved neatly and the cups filled with the sweet, rich milk.

While this is going on, one of the cleanest girls wraps a large square mat with broad, green banana leaves. This is placed on the ground and used for the table. The roast chicken and pig with the fruits and vegetables are spread out on the green mat, and all hands turn to. For seasoning, there is a polished cocoanut cup filled with seawater. When it is emptied, a little, naked, dirty boy goes whooping down to the sea and refills it. For eating utensils you have always your eight fingers and two handy thumbs.

The *kava* comes last. This is a sacred Samoan custom. You must like the *kava*. It is always prepared by the prettiest girl

in the house. Bits of dried, white root are crushed up in the bottom of a big *kava*-bowl. Water is added, and the girl draws a vegetable fiber dish-rag through the bowl again and again, stirring the root pulp about and wringing the rag after each act. Soon the water takes on a dirty, milkish hue and the *kava* is ready to be served in the polished bowls. An excellent imitation of *kava* can be made by seasoning dirty dish water with tabasco sauce and licorice, to suit the taste. But you must like it! The Samoan host watches your face like a hawk when you take the first sip. It is good form to smile, nod happily, and say: "*Lee Lay*," the same being a cannibal term meaning "fine!"

As the evening advances, the "nice girl" may make nice dance and sing." The dance called "*Siva-siva*" is a libel on the performance that made the Chicago Midway famous; a sister to the Hawaiian *hula-hula*, and a credit to Maude Allen at her best—no apologies appended. All hands join in the song, and clap their palms together. The words are easy as every third or fourth is Sa-mo-a. The natives are intensely patriotic when they sing. The dance is merely intense.

American occupation has broken up polygamy in the islands and any person found suffering from a venereal disease is promptly jailed until pronounced well by the Naval doctor. American Samoa exports copra and curios. Copra is the dried meat of the cocoanut and the output for last season was over 3,000,000 pounds. This brought about \$100,000. Some of the native villages are very progressive, owning modern boats and fishing gear. Scientific methods of caring for the fruit groves have also been introduced to some extent. Free medical attention is given the natives at the Naval Hospital at Pago-Pago, but as a rule the natives are strong and vigorous, as are most people who live the simple life, North and South.

Roads are being constructed through the jungles to replace the narrow trails, and the Naval Governor does all in his power to transform the island into a typical American colony.

SYNDICALISM IN FRANCE

By Emile Pouget

THE French labor organizations offer noteworthy differences from the American unions — differences on which it is needless to insist, since they will be sufficiently obvious to the American reader after a comparison.

The first difference is the numerical weakness of the French unions as compared with the imposing numbers of the organizations in the United States. At the present moment, in fact, if we accept the most recent government statistics, we find that in France the number of organized laborers scarcely exceeds one million. And furthermore, this figure is inflated by over 25 per cent, the real number of unions scarcely exceeding 700,000.

The discrepancy between this last figure and the million unionists announced by the Minister of Labor is due to the bluff of several organizations; first, to the bluff of the "mutual" organizations, which take the name of union to draw government subsidies; secondly, to the bluff of the Catholic "Houses of Recreation," in which unthinking workmen are all the more easily entangled because no dues are required of them, and which, from the mere fact that they are there, are regarded as adherents of an alleged Catholic union; then, again, to the bluff of the Yellow unions, which adorn themselves with the banner, "Liberty to Work." These last unions have even less of a real existence than the preceding. They are represented merely by a few gloomy personages who are at their head and whose special function consists in recruiting strike breakers whom, in return for hard cash, they put at the disposal of employers.

The only exception to be made is in favor of half a dozen Catholic unions whose existence is not fictitious. Just one of these groups has any large membership namely, the Green (Catholic) Union of the railway workers, which had a considerable growth after the collapse of the great railway strike of 1910. Since then, because of the favors granted it and the pressure exercised upon the men by the railway companies and the insidious propaganda

of the clergy, this union has grown until it enrolls fifty thousand members.

As for the other "confessional" unions, which really exist, they do not enroll altogether more than a few thousand laborers. And, apart from these few organizations, the Mutualist, Catholic and Yellow unions exist only on paper.

These eliminations made, we may estimate the real number of unionists at about seven hundred thousand. Is that the membership roll of the General Confederation of Labor? No, since on its rolls we find only the approximate figure of four hundred and fifty thousand members. Actually this figure is rather below the truth than above it, for we must take account of the fact that certain groups do not report to the treasurer of the C. G. T. the full number of their members, reducing it voluntarily in order to pay dues for a smaller number. Moreover, there is a good number of unions which are merely affiliated with a Labor Exchange and which consequently cannot be counted as really federated. Furthermore, for more than six months dissensions have arisen within the Miners' Federation and, as the result of a split, the miners of the north of France have set up an independent federation, that of the coal miners.

All these reasons explain the discrepancy between the figure of seven hundred thousand unionists and the actual membership of the C. G. T. Nevertheless, since this has about four hundred and fifty thousand dues-payers, it is no exaggeration to say that, more or less directly, its influence is exercised over the two hundred and fifty thousand other unionists and that they are imbued with its tactics.

I have just said that a certain number of unions are simply affiliated with their labor exchange. This leads me to explain briefly the organization of the C. G. T. that the reader may get a view of its entire mechanism.

The members in one and the same trade and at one and the same center who have come to realize that isolated they are powerless to resist the least pressure exercised

on them by the employer, form themselves into a union. Their interests push them to this instinctively, logically. But this first effort at organization is insufficient. This grouping at the foundation is not, by itself, vigorous enough to carry on a general fight against the exploiter. Thus the laborers composing these groups are brought by the nature of things to realize that a union which should remain isolated from the other unions would be in the same situation relatively as a laborer remaining isolated from his comrades.

It is therefore necessary for a union to align itself with the other unions. This indispensable cohesion is brought about in two ways. First, by the grouping of unions of *various trades* in the same *locality* or in the same region; second, by the grouping of the unions of the same trade or of the *same* industry scattered over the *whole* surface of France. The first of these groups are the Labor Exchanges or Unions of Syndicate. The second are the National Trade Federations.

By affiliating with the Labor Exchange (or Union of Syndicate, either local or district), the Syndicates of the different trades lend to one another a mutual support and facilitate propaganda within the radius of a city or of a certain district. It would be difficult to do this work well if they shut themselves up in a pernicious isolation.

The work of the Labor Exchange is principally that of education and solidarity. Of education, by the assistance given by the formation of new unions, by the effort made to enroll in the syndicalist circle the greatest possible number of laborers, by developing the class-consciousness of its members through libraries, classes, etc. Solidarity is developed through the distribution of assistance to members traveling in search of work, by the support given to the anti-militarist propaganda, through greeting fraternally the young soldiers quartered in its neighborhood, through the organization of communistic dining rooms in case of strikes, etc.

The affiliation of the union to its National Trade Federation corresponds rather to the needs of war and resistance. The federations organize the unions of one and the same industry and they act over the whole territory of France so that they are solid fighting organizations. If a conflict arises in one center, all the solidarity of the

federated mass exerts its strength at this point to make the employer yield. In this way, the individual strength of one union finds itself increased by all the strength arising from the material and moral support of all the unions throughout France.

Nevertheless, it is clear that if the Labor Exchanges remained isolated from one another and if the Trade Federations would do likewise, the cohesion of the working class, arrested at an intermediate point, would never equal the strength belonging to the whole. In that case the local organisms (the Labor Exchanges) would be limited by the horizon of their district and the national organizations (the Trade Federations), by the frontier of their industry. That is why, in order to rise to a superior strength, these different organizations federate among themselves and according to their nature, trade federations with trade federations and the Labor Exchanges or District Unions with each other.

It is this double federation, of the trade federations on one side, and of the Labor Exchanges or district councils, on the other side, which make up the Confederation Generale du Travail (General Confederation of Labor).

Thus all the federated organisms of the working class meet in the C. G. T. It is there they enter into contact and it is there that the economic action of the proletariat is unified, intensified and broadened. However, we must not deceive ourselves on this point: the organic function of the C. G. T. is not to direct but rather to co-ordinate and amplify the action of the working class. In it we find cohesion, not centralization, impulse and not authority. For one of the characteristics of French syndicalism lies in the fact that federalism is everywhere: at every step the different organizations, the union man, the union, the federation and the Labor Exchange,—all are autonomous. And it is that which gives to the C. G. T. its all-pervading power: the impulse comes not from above. It comes from any point whatever and its vibrations, as they grow, transmit themselves to the federated mass.

The technical mechanism of the federation is simple. As has just been said, it is formed by the federation of the Trade Federations and by the federation of the district unions which form at the apex of the pyramid, two federal sections, each con-

stituted by a committee of delegates from affiliated organizations. The committee of the section of the federations is formed by the delegates of the trade federations and the committee of the section of the district unions by the delegates of the unions. These delegates, chosen by the federations or the unions, are under the permanent control of their constituents and can be recalled at any moment.

Each of the two federal sections holds separate meetings and concerns itself with the work of propaganda belonging to it. Finally, when the delegates of these two sections meet together, they form the Federal Committee from which originate the propaganda of a general nature interesting the whole of the working class.

It was not at a single stroke that the C. G. T., established in 1895, reached this simplicity of organization. The way was prepared by successive modifications and it was not until its congress of 1902 that it perfected its present mechanism which since then has undergone merely slight revisions in detail.

* * *

The functions and the aim of the confederation are defined by its constitution: *it organizes the wage workers for the defense of their interests, moral and material, economic and occupational.* And this definition is completed by the following paragraph: *it groups, outside of every political school, all laborers conscious of the struggle to be waged for the abolition of the wage system and the employing class.*

The definition of French revolutionary syndicalism is condensed into the words which I have italicized: the C. G. T. "groups the laborers *outside* of every political school." The expression is clear, precise, and it is impossible to interpret it as meaning "*in opposition*" to every political school.

Moreover, in its Congress of 1906, after a thorough-going discussion on the reciprocal positions of the Socialist Party and the Confederation, the text of its Constitution was paraphrased by a declaration which has remained the Magna Charta of syndicalism. In this declaration, after the assertion that syndicalism does not limit its action to the work of defending the unions from day to day, but that it also aims to assist the work of social transformation, it states that: *the union member*

has complete liberty to participate outside his trade organization, in such forms of struggle as correspond to his philosophical or political ideas. It is, therefore, an optical illusion to assume that syndicalism is hostile to the Socialist Party. As evidence that such an interpretation is a mistaken one it is sufficient to know that a number of militants of that party, who in their capacity of laborers and as delegates from unions participated in the Congress of 1906, collaborated in the editing of the "Charter" of syndicalism, signed it and voted for it.

It is absurd to suppose that these sincere Socialists could have been so thoughtless as to allow themselves to be drawn into forging arms against the political party of which they are convinced militants. The thing that has lent color to this misunderstanding is that other militants have drawn anti-parliamentary deductions from the political neutrality proclaimed by the Congress of Amiens, but it would be as absurd to conclude from these isolated facts that the C. G. T. is anti-parliamentarian as it would be absurd to claim that its action is subordinated to suggestions from the Socialist Party because certain Socialists desire that it be so. In reality the thing that, up to the present time, has given syndicalism its penetrating force, the thing that explains the decisive influence that it has acquired over the working masses, is the fact that it is not a reflection of any parliamentary party and that it holds itself aloof from partisan agitations.

This attitude is justified by the fact that in the unions are mingled workers of all opinions. Here meet Socialists, libertarians and also wagedworkers who in the way of political ideas carry no other baggage than that of the simple republican, and who at the legislative elections vote for candidates of various opinions, paying no attention to the Socialist Party.

Now if electoral questions were discussed in the unions, the immediate result would be the destruction of the harmony which prevails there. Instead of being governed by the one essential aim, the struggle against capitalism, all factions would let themselves be carried away by the desire of making their own opinions prevail on the parliamentary issue. And there would be the end of working-class solidarity. The moral unity which is the life of the syndicate, and which remains strongly cemented,

thanks to the irreducible antagonism which, even to the dullest eyes, arrays the laborer against the employer on the economic field,—this moral unity would be endangered.

Moreover, if at the establishment of the C. G. T., it was decided that it be kept *outside* all political parties, that is because a cruel experience proved the necessity of this. At that period, in 1895, Socialist unity was not yet realized, and the different schools which proclaimed the Socialist ideal were disputing with each other for control in the syndicate, with the hope of drawing them into the orbit of their own parliamentary activity.

It is after having realized the dangerous effects of these internal dissensions that it was agreed that henceforth the unions should assume an attitude of neutrality with regard to all political parties.

And it is from the time that it became well established that the syndicates were no longer a tail to a political party that they began to become a formidable force and that the laboring masses flocked to them, when up to that time they had held themselves too much aloof.

Thus, for the reasons explained above, the French syndicates do not participate in electoral struggles. Nevertheless, it may happen that some of them, without any other concern than that of defending the economic interests of their members, may be led to take an indirect part in politics. This situation presents itself at the present moment inside the National Syndicate of Railroad Workers, apropos of the election of popular representatives to the Chamber of Deputies. Members of this union are carrying on a campaign by posters and by speeches at mass meetings against the deputies who in the session of the last legislature obstructed by their votes the reinstatement of the railroad laborers who had been discharged by the operating companies as the result of the strike of 1910.

The General Association of Postal Clerks, Telegraphers and Telephone Operators, which, though not affiliated with the C. G. T., is nevertheless inspired by its methods and its tactics, undertakes a similar propaganda: it indicates to the voters the candidates who have agreed to defend its demands in parliament.

It is, of course, obvious that campaigns with such platforms are not, properly speaking, electoral campaigns, and are in

no wise inconsistent with the program of political neutrality accepted by the syndicates, since it is merely with the aim to defend certain economic interests that such campaigns are undertaken. Moreover, it is plain enough that they can not be directed *against* the representatives or the candidates of the Socialist Party,—on the contrary, they can only be favorable to them, since the Socialist representatives were the only ones who, on every occasion, defended the demands of the railway workers, while the Socialist candidates are, from the fact of their opinions, won over in advance to the demands of the postal employees.

But apart from cases of this order, which arise especially in the unions of workers employed by the State, the labor organizations do not mix in political struggles. Naturally this is not the same with union men, who, as far as they are personally concerned, have full liberty, outside the unions, to participate in these agitations or not, and who do as they like. Some even, as I pointed out above, come out for candidates of the capitalist parties, without any one becoming excited over it. But it should be noted that these are becoming less and less numerous. And this goes to show that the syndicates form an admirable environment of social culture, in which, very quickly, workers who have come in with "moderate" opinions are transformed into convinced revolutionists, and that without any direct propaganda being exerted on them.

The most typical fact illustrating what I have said is the evolution of the syndicate of metal workers at Hennebont. When, for the first time, a delegate from the Metal Workers' Federation attended a meeting of this syndicate, a Catholic priest was seated at the desk. The delegate took no precaution against offending him and went on with his propaganda regardless of him. When, two or three years later, the workers of Hennebont were in conflict with their employers, the Catholic clergy promptly took up the cause of the latter. What happened then? The strikers understood of their own accord, thanks to that brutal fact, what no theoretical reasoning would have proved to them; they understood that, under their flattering exterior, the clergy had joined hands with the exploiters of labor, and these men who, the

day before, were pious communicants, lost all interest in worship.

Thus it appears that, as a general rule, although no systematic Socialist propaganda is carried on inside the unions, they are an excellent school of Socialism,—in the larger and more idealistic sense of the word.

What could be more natural? Where else is the class struggle which inevitably opposes the wage-worker to the capitalist more obvious than in the syndicate?

And it is precisely because this formal opposition between workers and employers is more sensible, more visible here than in any other organization, that the syndicates, under the logical impulse of facts, have not limited themselves to the defense of the immediate interests of their members and to the conquest of partial concessions. That is why, broadening their horizon, they also concern themselves with the future, plan for the complete emancipation of the working class, and set before themselves as a final aim the abolition of the wage system and of the employing class.

True, the remembrance of the glorious revolutionary record of the French proletariat has had much to do with this alignment of syndicalism,—a revolutionary record with which it has been careful to connect itself by claiming to be the successor of the International Workingmen's Association.

We will not stop to inquire into the exact legitimacy of this claim, but we may be sure that the vivifying idealism that permeates French syndicalism is the cause of its special and characteristic features. Elsewhere, as in France, the line is drawn between the economic action of the unions and the political action of the Socialist parties. Elsewhere, as here, the unions claim for themselves *neutrality*, from the political and parliamentary viewpoint. But while elsewhere the unions consider that their action must be limited to the closed field of the capitalist system, and abandon everything outside this to the Socialist parties, leaving to them the task of working-class emancipation—here the unions are better in that they are *not neutral* from the social point of view, since they have hammered out a working theory which proclaims that the laborers, if union men, must regard the revolutionary transformation of society as in-

evitable, and since the unions urge the men on to prepare for it.

In one sense, this ideal of emancipation which syndicalism makes its own has points of contact with the ideal of the Socialist party. But there is an important difference, namely, that while the latter pursues its aim by political methods, the action of the unions appears only on the economic field. Now, it is this clear line of division between the field of syndicalism and that of the Socialist party which permits them to move on parallel lines without encroaching upon each other in the least. Yes, both direct their efforts toward a common end, only, since both keep to the methods of action in which each is the more efficient, there is no superfluous duplication of effort between their two movements.

For example, the essential thing, if friction and regrettable irritations are to be avoided, is that the independence and autonomy of the syndicalist movement and the Socialist party be complete and never be endangered. And it is precisely because the C. G. T., very jealous of its independence and its autonomy, has had some reason to fear at any moment an attack or at least an act of interference on the part of the Socialist party, that it has appeared so skittish.

But these things are already ancient history. Today, experience has proved the tremendous advantage, both for syndicalism and for the Socialist party, of evolving each in its own sphere, of following each its own current without mixing the waters. Thus the old precautions against interference are gradually disappearing.

The best symptom of this absence of hostility is the instant agreement for a definite propaganda which in times of danger has united the militants of the Confederation and those of the Socialist party. Thus, when it was a question of creating a current of opinion in opposition to the threatened continental war, or again, when a campaign was needed against the militarist craze and the three-years service law, demonstrations and meetings were arranged with speakers from the C. G. T. and the Socialist party on the same platform.

These acts of mutual help from day to

day have brought added strength to the propaganda which justified them. Moreover, they have fortified the position of the C. G. T. by demonstrating that its

autonomy is henceforth secure. Thus, from this double point of view, their consequences could not have been more fortunate.

Homestead and Ludlow

By EUGENE V. DEBS

THE twenty-two years which lie between Homestead and Ludlow embrace a series of bloody and historic battles in the class war in the United States.

The battle between the organized steel workers and the Carnegie-Pinkerton thugs which stirred the whole nation occurred on July 1, 1892; the Rockefeller massacre at Ludlow, which shocked the world, on April 20, 1914.

In recalling Homestead I have been struck by the similarity of methods employed there and at Ludlow to crush the strikers, and by some other features common to both that have suggested a review of Homestead in the light of Ludlow, that we may the better understand their historic connection and at the same time see Ludlow in the light of Homestead.

As Ludlow is so recent and so vivid in the public memory and its horrors still so fresh in the minds of all, I need not review this appalling industrial massacre here, but will occupy the space in reviewing the essential facts about Homestead for the purpose of study and comparison.

Andrew Carnegie incarnated triumphant and despotic capitalism at Homestead in July, 1892, just as John D. Rockefeller did at Ludlow in April, 1914.

Carnegie, reducing the wages of the four thousand employes in his steel mills from 15 to 40 per cent, transforming his mills into forts, with three hundred Pinkerton hirelings armed with Winchester rifles in command, fled to his castle in Scotland to escape the storm about to break. In vain was he appealed to by the whole country to cable the word that would end the bloody conflict, exactly as John D. Rockefeller, twenty-two years later, refused to utter the word that would have prevented the massacre at Ludlow.

That was and is Carnegie, who, with Rockefeller, is famed as a philanthropist, but whom history will pillory as cold-blooded murderers.

Homestead will haunt Carnegie and Ludlow will damn Rockefeller to the last hour of their lives and the memory of their basely murdered victims will load their names with infamy to the end of time.

It was in 1889, after he had become a plutocrat, that Carnegie began to write and preach about the "Gospel of Wealth," which was being exploited as oracular wisdom and as the quintessence of philanthropy by the grovelling and sycophantic capitalist press, purely because it was the gush and outpouring of a pompous plutocrat.

Carnegie deliberately plotted and prepared for the Homestead massacre, but was too cowardly to face it. He placed Henry C. Frick, then his lieutenant, in charge and then put the wide Atlantic between himself and Homestead before the fuse was lighted that set off the destructive battery.

At the time of this historic conflict I was editing the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine and I shall here reproduce from its columns what I had to say about this event at the time of its occurrence. I remember the intense excitement as if it had been but yesterday, but there was no class-conscious labor movement or press, such as we have today, to interpret Homestead in the light of the class struggle. I myself had not yet become a Socialist, although I was heart and soul with the steel workers; did all in my power to support them, and to that extent was alive to the nature of the struggle in which they were engaged.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, the most powerful union then in existence, was the union then

involved and almost identically the same brutal method was employed to crush that organization that is now being employed to wipe out the United Mine Workers in Colorado.

Carnegie used an army of Pinkerton hirelings and Rockefeller an army of Baldwin-Feltz thugs. The only difference was that at Homestead, twenty-two years ago, the plutocrats had not yet learned how to murder pregnant women and roast babes to death in the exemplification of their "Gospel of Wealth."

The following, quoted from my articles reviewing Homestead in the *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine* for August, 1892, will, I venture to believe, be of interest to those who have been shocked by Ludlow and are students of the system and of the struggle in which such atrocious crimes against the working class are possible:

"The four thousand employes of Carnegie & Co., at Homestead, Pa., have been engaged for years in pouring capital into the lap of capital, content if they could build for themselves humble homes, obtain the necessities of life, rear their children as becomes American citizens, and save a few dollars for a 'rainy day,' for sickness and old age, and secure for themselves a decent burial.

"By virtue of their brain and brawn, their skill and muscle, their fidelity to duty, Homestead grew in importance. It obtained a world-wide fame. The chief proprietor, Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman by birth, an aristocrat by inclination, and a Christian with Christ omitted, waxed fat in wealth while the men toiled on. The works spread out, area expanded, buildings and machinery increased, night and day the forges blazed and roared, the anvils rang, wheels revolved, and still Carnegie grew in opulence. Taking his place among the millionaires of the world, he visits his native land and sensation follows sensation as he dazzles lords and ladies, dukes and dudes, by the display of his wealth in highland and lowland.

"All the while four thousand or more of the hardy sons of toil keep the machinery at Homestead in operation. The Monongahela is not more ceaseless in its flow than are Carnegie's workmen in their devotion to his interests. Suddenly Carnegie, to use a phrase, 'gets religion,' and begins to blubber about the duty of rich men to the poor. He out-phariseed all the pharisees who made broad their phylacteries and made long prayers on the corners of the streets in Jerusalem that they might be seen of men, while they were 'devouring widows' houses' and binding burdens on the backs of men grievous to be borne, for Carnegie, bent on show and parade, seeking applause, ambitious of notoriety, concluded to bestow a portion of his plunder to build libraries bearing his name to perpetuate his fame.

"This Andrew Carnegie, in 1889, began to preach his 'Gospel of Wealth,' the purpose of which was to demonstrate that wealth creates 'rigid castes,' not unlike those that exist in India among the followers of the Brahmin religion, the Carnegies being the priests and the workingmen the pariahs, and this Brahminism of wealth being established, Carnegie, the author of the 'gospel,' lays back on his couch of down and silk and writes, this condition 'is best for the race because it insures the survival of the fittest.'

"Andrew Carnegie, who for a quarter of a century has coined the sweat and blood and the life of thousands into wealth until his fortune exceeds many times a million, proclaims 'that upon the sacredness of property civilization itself depends.' This Carnegie, a combination of flint and steel, plutocrat and pirate, Scotch terrier and English bull dog, rioting in religious rascality, attempts to show that he is animated by 'Christ's spirit,' and remembering that when Christ wanted 'tribute money' to satisfy Caesar, He told Peter to go to the sea and cast a hook, catch a fish and in its mouth the required funds would be found, Carnegie and his Phipps and Frick, wanting cash wherewith to pay tribute to Mammon, have cast hooks into the sea of labor and securing from five thousand to ten thousand bites a day, have hauled in that number of workmen and taken from their mouths such sums as their greed demanded wherewith to enlarge their fortunes and enable them, with autocratic pomp and parade, to take the place of Jumbos in the procession.

"Under the influence of his 'Gospel of Wealth,' Carnegie, having prospered prodigiously, having millions at his command, concluded the time had arrived for him to array himself in purple and parade before the people of Great Britain. He was ambitious of applause. He wanted to sit in an open carriage drawn by a half dozen spanking high steppers and hear the roar of the groundlings as the procession moved along the streets. In the United States Carnegie was not held in much higher esteem, than

"Robert Kidd as he sailed."

Indeed, the freebooter never robbed as many men as Andrew Carnegie, though their methods were somewhat different. Kidd never wrote a 'Gospel of Wealth.' He never played the role of hypocrite. When he struck a rich prize on the high seas, captured the valuables, killed the crew and sunk the ship, he did not go ashore and bestow his booty to build a church or found a library, but, like Carnegie, he was influenced by a 'Gospel of Wealth,' which was to get all he could and live luxuriously while he lived and then, like the rich man spoken of in the New Testament, go to 'hell.'

"Kidd had heartless lieutenants, cold-blooded villains, but it is to be doubted if he had one equal to H. C. Frick, into whose hands Carnegie, when he left home for his triumphal march through Scotland, committed all power over the Homestead workmen. The fellow Frick was not long in laying his plans to reduce the workmen at Homestead to the condition of serfs.

"To do this wages must be reduced from 15 to 40 per cent. Having less wages, the workmen must have less of the necessities and comforts of life, they must be subjected to privations, must begin the downward road of degradation. Their homes must be darkened. Contentment must give way to unrest, harmony to discord. Regard for the employer must be transformed into hate, and the once smiling, joyous, happy Homestead be transformed into pandemonium.

"It is just here that Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth' has its practical application. The Carnegie steel works at Homestead employ, say, 4,000 men; that is the current estimate. The fellow Frick proposes to reduce the wages of these men from 15 to 40 per cent, an average of 27½ per cent, and this reduction, whatever it may amount to, is sheer robbery, unadulterated villainy. It is an exhibition of the methods by which Christless capitalists rob labor, and this is done while the brazen pirates prate of religion and the 'Spirit of Christ,' who plunder labor that they may build churches, endow universities and found libraries. Is it required to say that hell is full of such blather-skites?

"But direct and immediate robbery on the part of these plutocratic pharisees is not the only purpose they have in view, nor, perhaps, the chief purpose. They have in view the abolition, the annihilation of labor organizations. This purpose, on the part of the fellow Frick, is now openly avowed. It was the Order of the Amalgamated Iron Workers that antagonized the reduction of wages from 15 to 40 per cent. The men would not submit to robbery. They comprehended the intent of Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.' They knew it to be a gospel of piracy rather than of peace. They saw Frick's operations to transform the Homestead steel works into a fort. They saw the murderous devices perfected to kill by electricity and scalding water. Carnegie's gospel was finding expression in numerous plans for wholesale murder. But the workmen were not intimidated. They saw the shadows of coming events but their courage did not desert them. They themselves had built these steel works. From their toil had flowed a ceaseless stream of wealth into the coffers of Carnegie and his associates. Around these works they had built their cottages and had hoped to live in them the remainder of their days. They made no unusual demand for wages. It was the same old 'scale.' There was no good reason for its change. Still they were willing to concede something to the greedy capitalists. They were willing to make some concession in the interest of peace. Having done this they resolved to stand by their rights and to resist oppression and degradation.

What is the plea of Frick? By virtue of the capital these workmen have created Carnegie had been able to introduce new machinery, whereby it was claimed the men could make better wages, and it was resolved that the men should not be the beneficiaries of the improved machinery; only Carnegie & Co. should pocket the proceeds. Such was the teaching of the

'Gospel of Wealth.' The pariahs were to remain pariahs forever.

"The day of the lockout came, July 1, 1892. The steel works at Homestead were as silent as a cemetery. The workmen were remanded to idleness. Their offense was that they wanted fair wages—the old scale—and that they were members of a powerful labor organization, created to resist degradation.

"Between July 1 and the morning of July 6, unrest was universal; excitement increased with every pulse-beat. The workmen had charge of Homestead. Frick was in exile, but he was not quiet. He wanted possession of the steel works. His purpose was to introduce scabs, to man Fort Frick; to get his dynamos to work and send streams of electricity along his barbed wires, to touch which was death. He wanted to have seas of hot water to be sent on its scalding, death-dealing mission if a discharged workman approached the works. He wanted the muzzle of a Winchester rifle at every port-hole in the fence, and behind it a thug to send a quieting bullet through the head or the heart of any man who deemed it prudent to resist oppression.

"What was the scheme? To introduce Pinkerton thugs armed with Winchester rifles, a motley gang of vagabonds mustered from the slums of the great cities; pimps and parasites, outcasts, abandoned wretches of every grade; a class of characterless cut-throats who murder for hire; creatures in the form of humans but as heartless as stones. Frick's reliance was upon an army of Christless whelps to carry into effect Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.'

"Oh, men, who wear the badge of labor! Now is the time for you in fancy at least to go to Homestead. You need to take in the picture of the little town on the bank of the Monongahela. You peer through the morning mists and behold the Frick flotilla approaching, bearing to the landing three hundred armed Pinkertons, each thug with a Winchester and all necessary ammunition to murder Homestead workmen. The plot of Frick was hellish from its inception. There is nothing to parallel it in conflicts labor has had since Noah built his ark. No man with a heart in him can contemplate Frick's scheme without a shudder.

"The alarm had been sounded. The Homestead workmen were on the alert. They were the 'minute men,' such as resisted the British troops at Concord and Lexington in 1775. The crisis had come. Nearer and nearer approached Frick's thugs. Four thousand workmen are on guard. Now, for Carnegie's 'Gospel of Wealth.' In quick succession rifle reports ring out from the 'Model Barges' and workmen bite the dust. Homestead is now something more than the seat of the Carnegie steel works. It is a battlefield, and from Thermopylae to Waterloo, from Concord to Yorktown, from Bull's Run to Appomattox there is not one which to workmen is so fraught with serious significance.

"Amidst fire and smoke, blood and dying groans, the workmen stood their ground with Spartan courage. It was shot for shot,

and the battle continued until Frick's thugs surrendered and left the workingmen at Homestead masters of the field. A number of the thugs were killed, others were wounded and the remainder, demoralized, were glad to surrender and return to the slums from which they were hired by Frick.

"Rid of the gang of mercenary murderers, the workingmen proceeded to bury their dead comrades, the gallant men who preferred death to degradation, and who are as deserving of monuments as was ever a soldier who died in defense of country, flag or home. Of these, there were 10 who were killed outright on the morning of the battle.

"The fiend Frick, of coke region infamy, is the man directly responsible for the Homestead tragedies, and the blood of the murdered men are blotches upon his soul, which the fires of hell will only make more distinct, and still this monster simply represents a class of Christless capitalists who are now engaged in degrading workingmen for the purpose of filching from them a portion of their earnings that they may roll in the luxuries which wealth purchases.

"Carnegie wires from his triumphal march through Scotland that he has no word of advice to give, and constitutes Frick the Nero of Homestead, consenting thereby to the employment of Pinkertons to murder his old and trusted employees.

"It would be easy to reproduce here the arguments pro and con, showing the underlying causes which led to the murder of workingmen at Homestead. But we do not care to introduce them here, except in so far as the fact is brought out that the country has a class of capitalists who conduct vast industrial enterprises and who, not content with honest dividends upon honest investments, are ceaselessly seeking to rob labor of its legitimate rewards, and the better to accomplish their nefarious designs are determined to break up, if possible, labor organizations, the one barrier that keeps them from accomplishing their purpose.

"The Homestead slaughter of workingmen must serve to remind the armies of labor of what is in store for them if the Carnegies, the Phippses and the Fricks can, by the aid of Pinkertons, come out victorious.

"It occurs to us that the Homestead tragedies will serve to bind labor organizations in

closer union. If not, then the blood of workingmen, as it calls from the ground, exhorting the living to emulate the courage of the men who fell at Homestead, might as well call upon a herd of 'dumb, driven cattle.'

"Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote of the first shot at Concord and Lexington on the 20th of April, 1775, as 'The Shot Heard Round the World.' The first shot of the Pinkertons at Homestead has been heard around the world, and its reverberations ought to continue until the statutes of all the states make the employment of Pinkerton thugs murder in the first degree.

"It required Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill to arouse the colonies to resistance, and the battle of Homestead should serve to arouse every workingman in America to a sense of the dangers which surround them."

It will be seen by the foregoing, written twenty-two years ago, that there is much in Homestead to remind us of Ludlow and much in both to emphasize the absolute necessity for the economic and political solidarity of the working class.

It is interesting to note that Lexington and Ludlow occurred on the same day. The shot that was "heard around the world" and was the signal for the American political revolution was fired on April 20, 1775 and 139 years later, to a day, on April 20, 1914, the shot was fired that made Ludlow more historic than Lexington and that will prove, as we believe, the signal for the American industrial revolution.

There is much more in the way of striking analogy between Homestead and Ludlow that appeals for comment, but space forbids further review at this time.

Homestead, although finally lost, put an end to Pinkertonism as it was known twenty-two years ago and Ludlow, before it is over, will put an end not only to government by gunmen and assassination, but to the infamous system under which these hideous crimes against the working class have been perpetrated.

Sounds Good to Us.—"Killisnoo, Alaska. Enclosed you will find the last dollar that I have at this time. I would rather go to bed hungry for a few nights than to go without the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW.—Yours very truly, J. P."

A Good Word from Australia.—"The literature we have obtained from you is doing splendid work. It is the bed rock on which we are building up the revolutionary spirit. All we want is to educate the crowd on class conscious lines. Nothing else matters and all else will follow."—E. H. L.



RECRUITING POLICE.

White Wolf

By G. L. HARDING

THE devoutest hope a Socialist can express at the present time about China is that the bandit, "White Wolf," may turn out as successful a bandit as Pancho Villa. "White Wolf" is spreading terror among the gentry of the West of China today very similar to the consternation Villa was spreading a few years ago among the cientificos of the North of Mexico. Like the Villa of those days, White Wolf is always being captured and his forces annihilated by some fearless commander in the pay of the Government. His soldiers have been represented as bloodthirsty ruffians, and his designs as nothing more than pillage and plunder—and the constant disturbance of Loranorder, that twentieth century fetich more barbarous than any mud idol in China. But whether murdered by one of his own cowardly band, or slain by some fearless officer of the Republic, White Wolf is always up and at it again somewhere else, and his army of bandits looms up an ever greater menace to the tottering peace of the Chinese Republic.

White Wolf has ravaged four provinces since last November—Honan, Hupeh, Shensi and Kansu—the heart of west central China just north of the Yang-tse river. His insurrection covers too wide an area to be reckoned as local. It is part of a wave of national discontent. And whatever may be White Wolf's own political opinions, as distinct from those of the peasantry from which he sprang, it is an open secret that his military operations have the support of a national revolutionary organization. This revolutionary organization, there is hardly need to say, is composed of the same determined men who put through the Revolution of 1911, but whom President Yuan Shih-K'ai's coup d'etat of last summer drove from the country they had wrested from Manchu rule. A formidable rebellion for Dr. Sun's cause flared up last December in far-away Yunnan, the mountainous province of the southwest, China's Colorado. Widespread plots are known to be hatching in Canton and Wuchang, the centers of the 1911 Revolution. And as news of revolt after revolt is brought up to

Peking, always one reads that the strength of White Wolf increases. Only the other day the regular troops at Sianfu, the capital of the great province of Shensi, mutinied en masse on the approach of the brigand leader and turned the city over to his army. The whole country is plainly stirring with symptoms of another tumultuous change.

And there is little wonder. For China is feeling today, as never before, the iron heel of a patient and pitiless tyranny. Before the Manchus were thrown out China virtually had no government at all. While the enlightened revolutionists were in control the mighty inertia of Chinese civilization was transformed into as mighty a momentum toward national regeneration. Good government began to be born and the pioneers in scores of spheres of social and political effort that had never before been engaged in were American-educated ex-students, or, better, graduates from schools in China strongly influenced by the state socialism boldly advocated by Dr. Sun and his associates.

Their activities threw the foreign bankers and exploiters who make their living out of China's weakness into a panic of apprehension. At the earliest moment, therefore, they backed the "strong man" most amenable of being their tool, and forced his election as temporary, then permanent president of the Republic. They helped him crush one cabinet after another with the bludgeon of the Six Power Loan. They gave lavishly of their moral and financial support when Yuan set out to extinguish the last of the revolutionary party last summer. When he arrested the Constitutional Party members of Parliament en masse and sent them under armed escort to their homes, they applauded still more vigorously. He dissolved the Parliament that was left, crushed the provincial assemblies, tore up the Revolutionary Constitution and appointed a committee to write a new one, abolished the free press, reestablished the worship of Confucius with himself as the sacrosanct religious head of the state—all these things he did and more quite as blindly despotic and reactionary, and still dollar diplomacy smiled approval and continued to spin for the world another "strong man" legend such as they wove in Mexico for that miserable pasteboard statesman, Porfirio Diaz.

Meanwhile the China which amazed the world in the nation-wide enthusiasm for constitutional freedom she displayed in 1911 sees all her new-found liberties contemptuously dragged in the dust of a military dictatorship, her expanding initiative toward a finer civilization blighted by the horde of the parasites whose expulsion was the chiefest and most passionate purpose of the Revolution.

A year ago today China might be said to be the only nation in Asia to have a free press. There were almost a thousand daily newspapers in the country, representing every phase of opinion, uncensored and uncensorable by the Nanking Constitution. In scores of cities, newspapers were founded where none had ever existed before. Most of these were founded by the Southern party, and told the truth about corrupt officialdom to the people for the first time. The number of newspaper readers quintupled in two years throughout this vast empire.

Then came the reaction. The editor of the *China Democrat* (Chung Hwa Nun Pao), a graduate of the University of Illinois, and a former secretary to Dr. Sun, was put in jail for six months by the foreign court in Shanghai for approving of the Second Revolution. The *China Republican*, the Revolutionist daily paper in English on which the present writer served for two months, immediately left the International Settlement and placed itself under the protection of the Republican authorities of the French Concession in Shanghai. French liberty gave them three weeks, then the French police nailed up the doors, and the editors fled to Japan, the editor-in-chief, Ma Sôo, being seen off by a file of French marines to make sure he left the country.

These two episodes sounded the knell of China's free press. Ten papers were closed in Canton in a single day. In Hankow five editors were shot, in Peking every opposition paper was wrecked by soldiers. By March of the present year not a single newspaper was left which had ever opposed sincerely the will of the government. Then this government proceeded to pass a series of press laws which are absolutely the last word in the world in the suppression of a free press. Today in China every newspaper must make a heavy deposit to the police for "good behavior," and must be directly responsible to the police for news,

editorial matter, and even advertisements. An idea of the latitude of this "police" discretion (in most cities in China today the police are little more than paid bullies personally responsible only to the local magistrate and to those higher up) is gained from the fact that they may censor anything which "misrepresents" the government, "disturbs the peace," or reveals political, diplomatic, or military secrets, and impose on the editor practically unlimited severity for these offenses in the way of fine and imprisonment. Finally, an eloquent clue to the class the government really fears appears from the fact that publishers, editors and printers *must not be students, and must be more than thirty years of age.*

As the free press has gone, so also is being destroyed the last semblance of republican government at Peking. Every official of known republican sympathies is being removed and his place filled by imperialists of the old regime. The man who is giving this change a constitutional form is Liang Shih-yi, President Yuan's private secretary, and the most unscrupulous and contemptible personage in China today. Through his intrigues the Parliament has become a nominated assembly of his own sycophants and its name has been changed very significantly to the Grand Council, the purely decorative assembly of Manchu days. At the same magic touch the Cabinet is now to become the Grand Secretariat, a committee of impotent sinecures. The present Cabinet will be reduced to the position of department chiefs, with no collective authority whatsoever, and the President is to be endowed by the new constitutional committee with supreme military and civil authority.

Meanwhile the deposed Manchu boy emperor sits in his private palace in Peking and bestows the sacred orders of his fathers upon one after another of his loyal followers who are being raised to high office in the Republic. Li Ching-hsi, the most notorious pro-Manchu in Peking, and until yesterday head of the biggest Manchu Restoration movement in China, that among the Chinese of the German colony of Kiaochao, has actually been appointed *chairman* of the Grand Council itself. All the usages of Manchu times are coming back, the titles and elaborate official ceremonial, the knee-crooking salutations of

Your Excellency, Your Honor, and the rest in place of the virile Republican "sien-seng," which for a time corresponded to the "citizen" of the French Revolution. And the Bureau of Merit, that naive machine of peculation, has been working overtime. Hsiung Hsi-ling, the last prime minister, announced a month ago that in two years this hard-working committee of grafters had handed out thirty thousand "rewards for loyalty" and had put ten thousand persons on the official "compensation list." "If there were any republican spirit left in China," he said at that time, "this practice would not last overnight."

The republican spirit in China is no longer a political party; the iron heel of the present Huertista government has made it a conspiracy. In this, the third year of the Republic, that conspiracy is becoming more formidable every month. The time must soon come when moderate reformers in China will be fixed on the same dilemma as that which faced the Girondins of the French Revolution. Yuan Shih-K'ai is leading them every day toward an absolute monarchy in which the monarch only is lacking. And the people are rising every day as the festering center of misgovernment in Peking spreads throughout the provinces. Canton, the originator of all of China's reform movements in our generation, has seen gambling, prostitution and the opium traffic revived again into the unholy activity of official protection after two years of the cleanest government that city has ever had. Nanking, sacked and blighted for years to come by the army of Chang Hsun's indescribable Huns who settled on it last October, has a score against the North which can only be wiped out by a Third Revolution, or, more justly put, by the third inevitable chapter of the Great Revolution of 1911.

But meanwhile, under the protection and with the full approval of the government, the foreign powers increase daily the material assets of their strangle hold upon the Chinese Republic. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of the most momentous grab of all, the oil concession in northwest China to the Standard Oil. The fields of Chihli and Shansi provinces, covered by the agreement, are claimed by expert prospectors to be the greatest oil deposits in the known world, greater in this single field than all the oil possibilities of

Mexico put together. China has relinquished in her contract (made through the agency of the United States Embassy) all the rights to this vast wealth worth having. She keeps the land title, as land in China still belongs to the people, but she assigns the majority control in exploiting the oil and in controlling the affairs of the enterprise as a whole in perpetuity to the most unscrupulous body of financial adventurers in the world. For years the Rockefeller interests have been after this deal. It is not known how many times the Manchus turned them down. But Sun Yat Sen refused a loan of \$125,000,000 when his government was in the midst of its bitterest money stringency rather than barter away the inalienable possibilities of his country to men he knew were enemies of every principle on which his government was founded.

But a man is in the seat of power now who has the proper complaisance in these matters. There is no question in the world but what Yuan is "fixed." The flood of railroad concessions alone which have been obtained in China since his accession to absolute power are enough to expose the alien dictation on which his power depends. The French have a concession from Yunnan, the province they are busily trying to isolate from China, up into the heart of the Yang-tse Basin, there connecting with the great Russo-Belgian project which will eventually furnish the long fought for short cut to Russia via Mongolia. The British have strengthened their hold on the upper Yangtse by the same means, and the Germans have forced Chinese assent to a network of railway connections in southern Shantung tending to make their ninety-nine years' leased port of Tsingtao the metropolis of maritime China. During the past two years the "open door" fiction has

been exploded beyond recall. Japan has fortified her trade in Manchuria so completely that the economic government of this great province is administered not from Peking but from Tokio. She has drawn a circle round the mainland facing her island of Formosa and in a year or two at the most will add Fukien and its hinterland of Kiangsi, in the very heart of China, to her "sphere of influence." Germany in Shantung, France in Yunnan and Kwangsi, England in Thibet and Kwangtung, and Russia in Mongolia and north Manchuria, have in point of fact already made the partition of China a virtual status quo which modern diplomacy lends its whole prestige to uphold. And America, the traditional "friend of China," steps in in the person of the oil interests, and the tobacco interests, and the other great and powerful interests, and marks off not mere geographical "spheres of interest," but vast markets of economic products which take with them the very life-blood of the commercial destiny of China.

The foreign policy of capitalism is nowhere in the world more brutally plain than here. That capitalism must literally and inevitably tend to make liberal political institutions a farce is here being demonstrated in a way that brings more conviction with every successive unrolling of the scroll of fate in China. The regenerative forces throughout the country are struggling to unloose again the tide of social reform which awakened the greatest nation in Asia in one unforgettable year. Here is their enemy, the blind destroyer of the initiative of reform, the iron heel grinding the faces of Young China and denying to its leaders the future they have foretold for their country.

China awaits her Pancho Villa. Her Carranza will be Sun Yat-Sen.

Greek Workers in America

By ANASTASIOS PAPAS

IN ORDER to make myself understood. I will first tell you something about Greece, the country where these workers came from. Greece, as all know, is a small country and, I am sorry to say, though it was once the greatest country in

the world and possessed the most cultured people, is now, to use a common expression, a back number.

Modern industries have only begun to develop, and I must say that twenty-five years ago there was no modern industry of

any kind in Greece. Since there was no modern industry, there was no modern capitalism, and where there is no modern capitalism, there you will find no labor organization or Socialist movement. So it is no more than logical to say that the Socialists are nothing but the creatures of the system.

At least 80 per cent of the Greeks coming to this country are either agrarian laborers or live-stock raisers. Try to imagine a Greek goat- or sheep-herder who was born and raised among the hills of sunny Greece, or the one who was tilling the soil with the old crude tools. Although these men lived in constant poverty, they had more freedom than the wage slave of the cities. These men never saw a mine, factory, railroad or other modern industry before coming to America. They never heard of a labor union or a labor strike and never heard the word "scab."

They immigrated to this country with the hope of bettering their economic conditions, not knowing the true conditions existing here. They have often been used as strike breakers. It is only a little over four years since the writer was in Salt Lake City, Utah. While there he heard of a Greek who appeared to be very prosperous and had made his money furnishing Greeks as strike breakers for the mines, railroads and smelters of the West. It is a known fact that Greeks, hired by these men, broke the strike in the smelters located near Salt Lake City.

But now we hear reports that these same Greeks, on account of their ignorance, had been taken advantage of by their strike-breaking agents, for you must remember that these workers did not understand the English language. All they knew was that they had to get a job. For the workers have only their labor power to sell, and if they don't find a buyer they will have to starve. And hunger causes pain. It is a pity that we have to be governed by our stomachs, but, nevertheless, our stomach is our boss.

But after these workers get from five to ten years' experience of wage-slavery and capitalist oppression, they have learned something. Capitalism is their tutor. Now we hear about these men revolting against unbearable conditions, and we also learn that they make some noble fighters in the

class conflict. How true the words of Karl Marx seem: "Capitalism creates its own grave digger, the proletarian army."

I want to state the purpose of this article, and that is this—how much better it would be for every working man, who has reasoning power, instead of antagonizing the foreigners, to try and organize them and have them with you. Because the capitalists will use them against you. The capitalist recognizes no race, nationality or creed. Why are the workers so foolish as to divide themselves? Get wise and don't be a scissor-bill.

As a class-conscious working man, I appeal to all my fellow wage-slaves, regardless of their race or creed, to organize industrially and politically, as a *class*. For only through the united action of the working class industrially and politically will the workers ever emancipate themselves. The master class of the world stands together to protect their material interests. Why do not the workers learn from their masters and do likewise? Workers of the world, your only enemy is your master. The masters in every class conflict have shot down working men, women and children, regardless of race or color. When the hired murderers of the mine owners in Colorado shot and killed and massacred women and children, they did not ask their race or color. It was enough that they were working people. The hirelings of capitalism have all in a chorus denounced these men, women and children as "lawless, savage South European peasants." This is only done to create prejudice in the minds of the American public and the *American* worker. It is indeed a poor excuse and a mockery after shooting the miners' wives and children down like dogs, to try to shield themselves behind race prejudice.

Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood! Over the bodies of these martyrs do I prophesy that this foul deed will some day be avenged! And the spirit of Louis Tikas shall lead them on. O, Capitalism, Capitalism, thou marble-hearted fiend! You have starved us, outraged our mothers, wives and sisters; driven us to desperation, and we shall pay you back. Until every parasite has been put to work, let no wage slave rest!

After Ludlow—Facts and Thoughts

By FRANK BOHN

IN the southern coal field there is a hard-working Socialist comrade—tried, true and well-informed. He is one of the many such who were misled into believing that a rebirth of anarchism really endangered the Socialist movement in 1912. So he voted for Article II, Section 6 of the present Socialist Party constitution. But during the big fight he put on his war paint. The miners were attacking the militia and mine guards and burning a tippie here and there. Yet our comrade, hitherto so fearful of the use of physical force, was not satisfied with the results. He demanded action which should be remembered for a while by the capitalists. Going to the officers of the U. M. W. of A. he asked for a force of thirty-five men:

"What do you want to do with them?"

"Here is a list of the devils we want to get," he replied. "What's the use of killing a few mine guards and letting the 'men higher up' go untouched? Give me thirty-five men—good fighters—and I will hang this bunch to telephone poles. They are really responsible. That will have some effect. But I don't want any quitters in my bunch."

For some reason or other his plan was not endorsed. When I talked with him he was still angry about it. "They never do a job right," he said to me.

Snodgrass is the mine superintendent at De Logua. He is a stocky, sharp-eyed, ruddy-faced, iron-limbed man of thirty-five—just the sort of man the big corporation chooses to drive three hundred slaves to dig the greatest possible amount of coal for the least pay. On the day we called, Max Eastman, John Reed and I, Snodgrass had orders from above to tell his side of the story "just as it happened." So he entertained us for half an hour with tales of the wicked strikers and their evil works. "What caused the strike"? we asked.

"Those agitators from the East," he replied. "They came from West Virginia. They have to stir up trouble somewhere to keep themselves in a job. The men were

all right before they came on. They are a bad lot. John Mitchell wouldn't have that kind in his day. They stir up the men so. Even the Socialists won't stand for them. The Socialists are against violence."

"Indeed, we thought that the Socialists were supporting the strikers," one of us put in.

"Not at all! Not at all! Have you read that new Socialist book? It tells the truth about these labor agitators. It proves that they are all anarchists."

"Who wrote it?"

"Why, that great Socialist leader. What's his name? Oh! yes. Hunter, that's it. Robert Hunter. He certainly goes after the anarchists and trouble breeders."

"Is that book being much read about here?"

"You bet it is. Everybody is reading it. I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

Wit and Humor in Pueblo.

Pueblo is John D's own town. Its big mill is the steel plant of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. Pueblo has a population of 50,000 and looks, sounds and smells like Youngstown or New Castle. Of course all the respectables of Pueblo are bootlickers of the C. F. & I. Company. A threat to move the plant or lay off men brings the petty-larceny business men, the real estate sharks and the preachers to their knees in five minutes.

The small merchants and the high salaried clerks are organized into a Pueblo boosters' league called the "Commerce Club." Immediately after the Ludlow massacre this lovely bunch held a banquet. Whether or not this social occasion was to celebrate the "victory," I do not know. At any rate, *amid cheers and drunken laughter, the diners drank a toast to the dead women and children found in the black hole at Ludlow.* This incident is by no means extraordinary in Colorado. It indicates the point at which capitalism here has arrived. Rotten to the core, the stench of this class rises on every hand in thick, nauseating fumes. It permeates the whole

of life here. The greatest murderer of all, General John C. Chase, is in private life, a "respected citizen" of Denver. By profession he is a dentist and he teaches dentistry in the medical college of the State University. He is a faithful member of a Christian church.

The unspeakable Lieutenant Linderfelt, who murdered the unarmed Louis Tikas, was a student at Colorado College and his mother is a member of the Episcopal church at Colorado Springs.

The Rev. Mr. Pingree, pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in Denver, is Chaplain of the Colorado State Militia. After he returned from Ludlow he made a public speech defending his charges. He declared that "the only way to rule those ignorant foreigners is by force. They are ruled by force in Europe. We must apply force here. It is the only form of government they know enough to respect. Those who can't behave themselves *must be boxed up and sent back to where they came from.*" Such is Colorado Christianity.

Two women members of the Presbyterian church at Trinidad, one of them the wife of the Presbyterian clergyman, told Max Eastman, Elsa Meland (representing the Independent) and me that "The only way to deal with those ignorant foreigners was to kill them off." Of course it may be taken for granted that the parson's wife is an active member of the Presbyterian Foreign Missionary Society. This "good woman" also told us that "The miners themselves killed the women and children because they didn't want to feed them any longer. They were a drag on the Union." Such is the modern capitalist version of "Go ye unto all nations and preach the Gospel."

Where the Middle Class?

Ludlow could not have happened in Wisconsin or Ohio. Not that the capitalists in the middle west are any better, but the old-fashioned middle class, the farmers and the city dwelling sons and daughters of farmers, is much stronger than in Colorado. In so far as there is a local "public sentiment" in Colorado it is but an outpouring of the soul of real estate. Everything in local life centers about this one matter. The real estate shark lives by grafting upon

suckers from the East. An easterner cannot understand this type until he sees it in action. This is the most pernicious, lying, and utterly contemptible class of parasites in the whole world. Lately the unspeakable gang which infests and rules Colorado Springs sold thousands of acres of dry land to poor eastern farmers. In their advertising are shown pictures of the golden harvests which are garnered upon these dry farms. Last winter the snow covered the mud huts in which these poor "suckers" lived. Their stock died of exposure. *People died of starvation.* A few charitable persons from Colorado Springs made a trip through eastern El Paso county in the spring and found hundreds of these creatures so starved that they looked like pictures of Hindoo or Chinese famine victims. The visitors returned and called for contributions of food and clothing. The real estate sharks said it wasn't so—it couldn't be true, etc. The matter, of course, was hushed up—it never got into the papers.

A motion was introduced at a meeting of the Board of Aldermen in Colorado Springs providing for the muzzling of dogs through the summer months. The hardware merchants favored it. Owners of dogs opposed it, of course, and the proposition had little chance of being accepted. Then its sponsor thought of a telling argument: "Mad dogs will bite tourists and when our guests for the summer are in the hospital they will spend no money seeing the sights. For Heaven's sake protect the tourists. They will go away if dogs are unmuzzled." The motion passed and became law.

This class, which controls the merchants, the smaller newspapers, the churches and the schools, are venomous against the strikers "because they injure the fair name of Colorado back East." That is the secret of the whole aftermath of Ludlow. It was excused, covered up—forgotten. At Boulder, where I spoke at an open-air meeting of the Socialist Party, I told the story of the strike. I was mobbed by a well dressed crowd and eggs aplenty were thrown at me. In Boulder the citizens committee organized, a hundred strong, to go to Louisville and shoot strikers. This crowd of patriots included a professor of law in the State University, which is located at Boulder.

These murderers were prevented from glutting their appetites only because the railroad men absolutely refused to haul them to Louisville. Such is the middle class in Colorado—a greedy, gambling lot of money-grubbers, nine-tenths of them failures—who would stop at nothing in the game of getting rich quick.

The Progressive Party in Colorado.

This middle class divided into the Democratic and Progressive Parties constitute the "reform" element in Colorado public life.

The "Progressive" Party is today torn to shreds by factional fighting. It is composed, politically, of three distinct elements. On top is a crowd of reactionary Rockefeller politicians. The chief of these is State Chairman Clarence P. Dodge, owner and editor of the Colorado Springs *Gazette*. Mr. Dodge is one of the bunch who left the Republican state organization because they could not get it away from shrewder men. His attitude toward the striking miners is clearly indicated by what he did directly after Ludlow.

At that time the assistant editor of the *Gazette* was an intelligent and active young Progressive named McClintock. In the absence of his chief (gone to Oyster Bay to see Roosevelt), McClintock wrote an editorial expressing horror at the murders perpetrated by the State militia and suggesting a plan of action. This editorial was calm, restrained and directly in line with the proclaimed policies of the "Progressive" Party. When State Chairman Dodge returned he "fired" McClintock. Since then the editorials of the *Gazette* have been given over almost wholly to boosting Colorado Springs real estate, suggestions for sponging on tourists, but the strike has not been mentioned except in a way insulting to the workers.

In Colorado Springs, also, the real Progressives organized a club for the study and discussion of their party platform. The members of this club wished to see the "social justice" planks of their platform actually put in operation. What happened?

The "Progressive" bosses appeared, dispersed the club, forbade it to meet again

in the party headquarters and told the members that they "could reorganize after election day."

This crowd of sore-headed Republican politicians would pay for the oil and matches for another Ludlow. They run the "Progressive" party and will continue to run it. They have the money. They have the newspapers. They are "It."

The second element of the "Progressives" in Colorado is the deaf, dumb and blind following of Roosevelt. This crowd will go back to the Republican party if Teddy does. They don't care much who runs the organization in Colorado or what it does. How many of these poor creatures are there in Colorado? We don't know. We meet a few new ones every day.

The third element is composed of persons who will count in the long run. It is made up of sixty thousand dissatisfied wage-slaves, poor farmers and their wives. They are quite like the same number of the same class who *call* themselves Democrats. Talk with any of these and they will be found bitter at heart because of Ludlow and Rockefellerism generally in Colorado. Ignorant of economics and politics, this army will join any party which seems to promise immediate relief from the rule of the gunmen. Incoherent though they are, individually and collectively, they are moving. They are thinking. We must go to them with the crystallizing force of our Socialist propaganda and education. But of how many of these stumbling ones can we make Socialists during the present campaign? There is no other such fruitful field for our work as Colorado.

Solidarity in Action.

The one really encouraging feature about the whole strike—the one fact that will do credit to the whole working class—was the refusal of the railroad men to haul gunmen and militia into the strike districts. That was fine! It was promiscuous! It makes us justly proud of our class! There IS hope for the workers!

Let all the miners act together as one, industrially and politically, and no fight can be really lost. It takes a long time to find this out, but the slaves are learning.

THE WORKING CLASS AND WAR

By Vincent St. John

THE wage workers of the world are the only class that is really concerned in abolishing war. It is they who furnish the victims and reap no benefit whatever for their class. All wars, past and present, are in the interest of the employing class of some particular political division.

From the viewpoint of working class interests, no war is justified except it be for the purpose of overthrowing the wage system and establishing industrial control of, by and for the working class.

The only practical method whereby the workers can abolish war is to organize within the industries in such a manner that they can refuse to support an armed force in times of peace and refuse to produce the necessary wealth for carrying on the struggle in time of war, by refusing to produce the implements used in warfare, to enlist in the army, and by paralyzing the industries of any nation or nations the rulers of which show a desire to involve their respective countries.

As members of the working class, we should view all disputes from the working class standpoint. We are not concerned in how international disputes can be settled best, or at all, for that matter, so long as the working class do not have to pay the penalty in the settlement. It might be suggested as a matter of settling international disputes, that the workers organize so as to compel the interested parties in the dispute to settle it between themselves. The same methods by which the workers can abolish war are the methods by which they can protect their interests in the case of international disputes. This, of course, means that they must be organized to a sufficient degree and educated as to their class interests so that it will be impossible to induce them to furnish the armies and do the fighting for their respective employers and rulers.

Peace societies are nothing more or less than schemes whereby certain parasites of the present system amuse themselves or gain a livelihood. There is no

record that they have ever accomplished anything except create a demand for printer's ink, paper, and furnish an avenue by which some individuals can exploit their ego. The U. S. standing army should be abolished forthwith in the interest of the working class. This can be accomplished by an active campaign against militarism and the workers organizing and refusing to enlist in the army or support it in any way, shape or form. The increase in the U. S. regular army and the increase in the number of unemployed are significant. It is proof that the employing class of that country are in possession of information that causes them to strengthen the army in defense of their private interests. As the army of unemployed grows, it means that ever increasing number of hungry, homeless, and consequently reckless men and women. In time it will have but one result—an attack upon the property of the parasites in order to satisfy the need for food, clothing and shelter. It is to provide against this contingency that the ruling class and their agents are bending every effort to increase the standing army of this so-called land of the free and brave.

With the workers properly organized the profits the employing class now reap would be absorbed by the workers in the shape of increased wages and better working conditions.

The working class in Switzerland are not any better off, regardless of the fact that they are citizen soldiers. Military training, however, could be of benefit to the working class providing it was supplemented by proper working class education. The citizen soldiers of Switzerland are as willing to serve the interests of the employing class of Switzerland as are the paid soldiers of any other country in the world. This phase of the problem depends altogether upon the relative strength of the organization of the workers in the shops and the education of the workers as to their class interests. With the workers organized to a sufficient de-

gree and educated as to their class interests, they will be able to combat the mis-education and force now at the service of the employing class.

The Boy Scout movement is an attempt of the employing class to so mould minds of children that in later years they will be more apt to respond to the demand for uniformed murderers. In this connection, however, the employing class are not going to meet with the success that they hope for. With few exceptions, members of the Boy Scouts will be forced to take their places in the industries of the nation as wage workers, and the conditions under which they will have to live and labor will more than offset the false education that they received as Boy Scouts. They will learn in industry that patriotism consists of nothing but high-sounding platitudes. They will learn that even though the discipline demanded of them in the army might have been severe, the discipline required in industry is more severe, and they will also learn that when they are no longer needed to create profits in the industries of the employing class, they cannot live on patriotism and they will receive no more consideration than any others who are considered an expense upon the owning and tax-paying interests of the country.

All innovations of a military character

that are introduced in any institution spring from the same source—a desire on the part of the employing class to build a stronger force to protect their interests. The state militia is an institution for holding in subjection the wage workers of any state without having to incur the expense and waste of time necessary to get regular soldiers on the job. As the state militia works for nothing except when on duty, it can be truthfully said that they are scabs on the regular soldiers and to this extent they relieve the employing class of a financial burden that otherwise they would have to meet in order to maintain an efficient military force.

The fact that the law compels every able-bodied citizen over eighteen years of age to belong to the militia, does not of itself mean anything. With proper organization and education, the workers could disregard summons for military duty and through their organization in the industries of the land, render powerless any effort of the government to force them to respond to the call to arms.

The answer of labor to militarism is organization on class lines. Educate the workers to depend upon themselves and the control which they can exert over industry when so organized.

Can You Beat This Brakeman?—"Some two months ago Comrade W—, of Trenton, N. J., gave me a circular you sent him asking for trial subscribers, for three months, at ten cents, saying as he gave it to me that he did not think I could get the necessary ten if I tried. I secured 83 names and am enclosing a money order for \$8.30 to pay for same. I am a railroad brakeman, one of those who feel the heavy hand with which the — R. R. handles Socialist agitators.—Yours in the fight."

EDITORIAL

A Lesson from France.—Even Socialists, who claim to understand and apply economic determinism, often lose their tempers needlessly because they fail to consider that people's views and conduct must necessarily be modified by economic conditions. And in the whole field of revolutionary activity no question has developed so much of this bad temper as the relations between Socialist parties and labor unions. France was the first country to suffer from this bad temper, and the French revolutionists have been the first to find a remedy for it. We can not urge too strongly that our readers give careful attention to the article which Emile Pouget has prepared for this issue of the REVIEW. He has been until lately editor of the official organ of the General Confederation of Labor, and he writes with a thorough understanding of the history, the problems and the methods of that militant organization. Its methods have been frequently misunderstood in America. It is not anti-political, as so many, both of its friends and its enemies, have assumed; it is merely non-political, and that for most excellent reasons developed by actual experience, as Pouget shows. No political test is required of its members, for the reason that it aims to enroll ALL the workers in each industry. Once inside, they are in an atmosphere that speedily makes revolutionists of them. But neither Socialists nor anti-Socialists are allowed to talk politics at *union meetings*. This rule was established in self-defense when the struggle between Socialist factions for control of the unions threatened to wreck the unions themselves, and it is now cheerfully acquiesced in by everybody. But outside the union meetings each member talks and works for political Socialism as much as he likes. The practical wisdom of this method has been shown repeatedly at times of danger by the prompt and powerful co-operation of the Socialist Party of France and the General Confederation of Labor. A recent case in point is the strike of the let-

ter carriers in Paris, reported in the newspapers not long ago. They demanded better working conditions and emphasized their demand by barricading themselves in the central postoffice, thus stopping all postal business for a day. This was treason or something equally bad in the eyes of the law. Yet they were not shot, nor even discharged. Why not? Because the ministry which used soldiers to break the railway strike has been turned out of office, and the present ministry could be turned out tomorrow if the Socialists were to vote for a day with its other enemies. For the present they are satisfied to let the politicians now in power remain there, provided they keep hands off the unions.

The Common Enemy.—In other words our French comrades have learned through long and bitter experience what we in America have yet to learn, namely, that the one enemy to fight is capitalism, and that struggles between revolutionary unions and revolutionary parties can help no one but the capitalist class. The labor unionists of France are more revolutionary in spirit than any other labor organization in the world of anything like equal size and permanence. They find it possible and wise to co-operate actively on occasion with the Unified Socialists of France, a party made up of elements which differ among themselves as widely as do the Socialist Party of Washington and the Socialist Party of Wisconsin. On the other hand, when a fight is on between the General Confederation of Labor and the capitalist government of France, the Socialist Party stands by the Confederation solidly. As between economic and political action, the French wage-earners choose both.

After the Ludlow Battle.—Later advices from Ludlow bring added proof that this war of extermination was deliberately planned by the trust magnates or their confidential agents. It also seems clear that "progressive" administrations, elect-

ed by the votes of little capitalists and muddle-headed wage-workers, are as ready to do the bloody work of the big capitalists as were the old machine administrations from which nothing better was expected. Here is a clear issue for

the coming election between the Socialist Party and all other parties: Shall the soldiers of the state or nation be ordered to shoot strikers and their families? Settle this question right and the battle is half won.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

Italians Strike for Free Speech.—This great uprising of Italians is a very simple affair. It is only our muddled journalism with its unconnected reports from half-a-hundred cities which has made it look like sudden madness. The Italian government denied the entire working class of Italy the right to hold meetings on a certain day. When some of them met despite this denial they were clubbed and shot. Then the rest went on strike. This is the whole story.

On June 7th the people of Italy celebrate the adoption of their constitution. This year the Executive Committee of the Socialist party sent out a request that the local groups everywhere hold anti-military demonstrations on that day. By order of Premier Salandra these demonstrations were forbidden from one end of the land to the other. One would hardly expect such an arbitrary order to be obeyed everywhere. At Ancona a group of anarchists, led by the well known Enrico Malatesta, held a meeting in the open air. The crowd was dispersed by the police. In the evening there was a protest meeting in a hall outside the city. At the close of it, the people started to march back to the city in a closed column. Suddenly they found themselves surrounded by cordons of carabinieri, as the national constabulary are called. The crowd was puzzled, and then enraged. Stones were thrown and then the carabinieri were ordered to fire. They did fire. They fired sixty rounds and killed two young workingmen and wounded many more. One of the wounded died on the following day.

This was the beginning. By midnight a general strike was declared in Ancona. The next morning the city was absolutely tied up. Not a car moved—and hardly a cab. Before night the Executive Com-

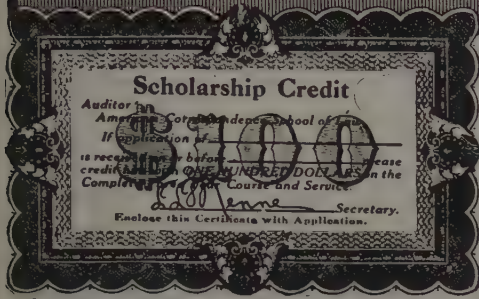
mittee of the Socialist Party declared a general strike throughout the land. In Italy a general strike is really more or less general. Travel stopped. No food was brought in from the country. For two days Italy stopped living. In many places there were riots with killings on both sides. One chief of police met his death. Many points were placed in control of the military.

The strike was called off on the 10th. In this instance action was taken by the Executive Committee of the Federation of Labor. The Socialist Executive gave its support rather unwillingly. In most places the strike had lasted forty-eight hours. As a protest against the massacre at Ancona it had been a complete success. Here and there it began to take on the appearance of a great popular revolt against the government, and there were some who saw in it the beginning of a revolution. They objected to calling it off. At Ancona and a few other points they are still fighting as the REVIEW goes to press.

Scores were killed and hundreds wounded. The affair was wild and bloody. But the government alone was responsible. The people of Italy are too advanced to be told that on a certain day they may not assemble to discuss national matters. Premier Salandra has formally accepted responsibility for this action and the death and destruction which followed. One cannot help wondering whether he served Italian capitalism wisely and how long it will be until both capitalists and working people will want a different sort of government. The world is moving very fast in Italy.

Wild Women and Tame Men.—There is a considerable performance going on in England. It may be a bit expensive, but it furnishes thrills where they are

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most needed. Nine women have been clubbed because they wanted to talk to the King. Others have been thrown into jail for shouting at his King in a theater. One has finally got his highness to receive some peaceable working girls by sitting on the steps of the House of Parliament and saying she would stay there until she starved. Others have enlivened life by cleaving paintings with hatchets and blowing up the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey.

Now I confess that I admire these women for having the nerve to do these things. They want the vote. They need the vote. They have wanted it and needed it for a long time. Solemn English statesmen have promised them to bring in a bill giving them the vote. These solemn statesmen have lied. Many voters, probably a majority, are in favor of votes for women. But English elections make it practically impossible to force the statesmen to do the will of the women or the majority. So some of the women began to smash things and starve themselves. Many of them are rich. Many of them are intelligent. They are enduring curses, blows, wounds, illness, for the sake of their cause. Anyone who doesn't admire them isn't worth talking about.

All the journalistic idiots in the world

are spilling ink over this matter. Most of them are saying everything except the one thing which is obvious and right. The whole trouble arises from the fact that the women ought to have the vote and haven't it. The only way to end the fight is to give them the vote.

Of course English Socialists believe in woman suffrage. They believe in it because Socialism is another word for social justice and, without an equal chance for man and woman, there can be no justice. But their thinking about the matter does not end here. They see that various groups of people have got the vote because they have achieved economic and social power. This is what the capitalists did. It is what workingmen have done. At the present moment women have done it and are doing it. They work in stores and factories. They own property. They help create public opinion. They are in public life, but not in politics. They are ready for entrance into politics and have been ready for a long time. Keeping them out is now sheer stupidity. The Socialist sees all this as a part of social and economic evolution. So his belief in woman suffrage is based on something more than a vague sense of justice.

And so our English comrades have stood with the women. They have done



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Canadian Branch—Walkerville, Ont.

it in spite of the fact that they do not approve of the violence of some of them. "The amazing feature to me is the tremendous pluck of the women," writes Alex. M. Thompson in the *Clarion*. Then he goes on: "But the saddest feature of this weird and awful sex war is its futility. The agonies which these sisters of ours are enduring can not and will not win their cause. The only effect their campaign is having on the heart of the nation is to harden it."

Comrade H. M. Hyndman, in *Justice*, vigorously condemns militancy, but says: "What we have opposed, and oppose today, is 'votes for ladies'; the extension of suffrage, namely, to well-to-do women only, who would naturally vote, as a rule, in favor of their own class."

The only weakness in the Socialist position is well represented by Hyndman: "Social Democrats in Great Britain . . . have always been in favor of complete adult suffrage for all sane men and women. We have not followed up our declaration of principles by a vigorous agitation because we thought there were many more important things to do. We think so still."

This position, it seems to me, is based upon the fallacy that issues can be dictated to world movements. Great issues strike their own hour and will not be put off. We Socialists are so accustomed to unmasking the false issues put upon us that we do not recognize a real one when we meet it. So this great movement of half our race leaves us cold. "There were many more important things to do." How many? one wonders. And if an English Socialist can write this, what about the Liberals? The Conservatives? And is militancy, after all, so hard to understand?

Gains in Belgium.—On May 24th members of Parliament were chosen in about half the constituencies of Belgium. The Clericals still control the house, but their majority has been cut down from 16 to 12. They no longer have a majority in the country. In the four provinces in which the elections were held the opposition parties received 186,000 more votes than the church party. These arch-conservatives still have the power because of the ingenious plural voting system which they invented themselves. Persons with property or school diplomas



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Arthur Krouse is a locomotive fireman who had been using tobacco since he was a boy. About two years ago he began to have spells of illness. His memory was getting very bad and his eyes bothered him a good deal. He had tried in vain to conquer the habit until he got a certain book and now he is freed from the thralldom of tobacco, and his health is wonderfully improved. Anyone who desires to read the book can obtain it absolutely free by writing to Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., 242B, New York City. It tells how the habit of smoking, chewing or snuff taking can be conquered in three days.

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get an extra vote or two. Moreover, the districts are so gerrymandered that the Clericals get the full benefit of this little arrangement. So they still have a majority in the house. But they must see that the game is nearly played out. This election has magnificently carried forward the work of the general strike in favor of electoral reform. Reform must come soon. And then will come the end of the Clericals. The Socialists have gained one seat.

Capitalism Anti-National.—Capitalism is the most powerful opponent of patriotism. Before the Balkan war Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Many of the people there are Servians and Mohamedans. Nobody asked about their religion or their nationality. After the war various slices of territory were given to Greece, Servia and Bulgaria—again without regard to the inhabitants. And one region, called Albania, was set up by itself and given a German for a king. The king doesn't know the people and doesn't want to.

Strange to say, there is trouble all over the Balkans. Greece and Turkey talk of war. The Albanians are in rebellion and

a young Servian has shot the Crown Prince of Austria in Herzegovina. In Soudan and Vienna the diplomats are disturbed.

Meantime the Socialists of Servia have held a party congress. There were 128 delegates present. A comrade from Bulgaria was received with great enthusiasm. His message was that the Balkan peoples must unite in a republic. The people, he said, are discontented and their discontent showed itself in the choice of 37 Socialists in the last Bulgarian election. The work of the congress was chiefly directed toward establishing a sound understanding with the working class of other Balkan nations.

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A novel by a Socialist house-painter, recently discovered after his death.

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NEWS AND VIEWS



A BUNCH OF BUTTE MINERS.

Minnesota Socialists, Attention!—Word has just been received that Comrade A. E. Hatcher, Socialist organizer, was assaulted in the city of Ely on June 28.

The city fire department helped break up the meeting, with the aid of the police, who were conspicuous by their absence.

Upon returning to the Exchange Hotel, where Comrade Hatcher had paid \$1.00 for a room, he was attacked and thrown into the street.

The REVIEW sincerely trusts that there is enough red blood in "red card" members in Minnesota to take up this matter by sending Tom Lewis or some other fighter to establish free speech in Ely.

Likes the July Number—"Waterloo, Iowa. I believe the cartoon and poem on page 4 and 5 of the July REVIEW ought to be plastered on every box car and telephone pole in the country.—Yours for the Revolution, C. E."

From Merrie England.—"Enclosed find one pound, which credit to my REVIEW account and increase the following four orders. I may add that I have had an extraordinary demand for the June issue. All comrades here think it is the best issue yet published.—Beacham."

Let Your Friends See the Review—"Wichita, Kan., July 7, 1914. Friend handed me a copy of the July INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW. I like it. Enclosed find subscription price; also send me Myer's 'History of the Supreme Court.'—C. W. T., M. D."

Where Reformers No Longer Fourflush.—Socialist Hall, Oxford Terrace, Christchurch, N. Z. "Please find enclosed a money order for four pounds, being a renewal for four dozen REVIEWS monthly for a year. Glad to tell you that the REVIEW is very popular here and is always looked forward to.—Yours for the Revolution, D. W."

What One Live One Is Doing.—"Wyoming. Enclosed find money order for \$12.00. Please send a bundle of 20 copies for one year to Local Union —, U. M. W. A. The Fighting Magazine certainly 'looks good' to the boys out here.—J. S."

You Can Do the Same.—"Lorain, Ohio. I was showing the July number to a friend who became so interested that he wanted a copy of same. Please send him the REVIEW for three months and enclosed find the price. The REVIEW just suits me.—Anna K. Storck."

From One of the "Slaves."—"Kindly send

me the INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for six months. Send me the April, May and June numbers. The farmers are devilish hard up out here this year. I hear the rumble of the Revolution everywhere these days. I think the INTERNATIONAL REVIEW is the grandest old fighter on the map. It has made the tears roll down my cheeks many a time.—James Kissack.”

From I. W. W., Spokane, Wash.—“Our bundle of 100 sold out in five days. Send 50 more copies quick.—Don Sheridan, Secretary.”

From Oklahoma.—“Please find \$1.00 enclosed for my renewal. I do not wish to miss a single number and hope always to be able to raise the dollar for the Fighting Magazine. I keep my REVIEWS on the table where callers may see and read them if they choose.—Mrs. E. E. A.

From the United Shoe Workers of America.—“Enclosed find P. O. order for \$1.00 for which you will please send the REVIEW for one year. I have missed several copies of it lately and, as a consequence, I want it to come regular. It is a magazine that should be in every labor office in the United States—C. P. D., District Organizer, St. Louis, Mo.”

From a “Live Wire” in Montana.—Comrade Stone of Montana sends in 14 subscriptions and says: “I am sorry I cannot send in more. There are millions of better rustlers than I am, but if every one only sends in two subscriptions each it will help ‘our’ REVIEW. It took two extra trips to town (7 miles) to get these.”

Trying to Railroad a Rebel.—Fellow

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Worker J. Hill, a well-known song writer who wrote many of the songs in the I. W. W. song book, which have been sung by thousands of strikers all over the country, was convicted of murder in the first degree in Salt Lake City on June 27. The evidence is purely circumstantial and was furnished by the police, who are always in touch with stools and pimps who are willing to swear anything for “protection.”

None of the witnesses identified Fellow Worker Hill and steps have already been taken to appeal his case.

The prosecuting attorney sprang all of the old chestnuts about the equality of rich and poor before the law and other orthodox rot.

We all know that a poor man can buy justice if he has the price to get a good lawyer; otherwise he stands about as much chance as a snowball in hell. We trust that every reader of the REVIEW will send in from a dime to a dollar or more to Comrade Geo. Child, treasurer of Hill Defence Fund, 118 W. S. Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah. We have known Comrade Child for a long while and he is absolutely to be trusted.

From the “Live Ones.”—The following rebels have sent in ten or more subscriptions to the Fighting Magazine during the past twenty days. This does not include the comrades who secured three hundred yearly subscriptions for the trip to the International Congress in Vienna. After all, the “live ones” are the salt of the Revolutionary movement:

Blackmer, Monowi, Nebr.....	10
Peck, Zephyrhills, Fla.....	10
Hampshire, Ionia, Mich.....	10
Weeks, Church, N. D.....	10
Tolley, Bishop, Tex.....	10
Ruda, Panama, Ill.....	20
Hawley, Lodi, Calif.....	10
Andzer, Rochester, N. Y.....	10
Loring, Corrigan, Tex.....	10
Newton, Haskell, Tex.....	13
Redmann, Rowena, Tex.....	10
Stone, Polson, Mont.....	13
Sanders, Weleetka, Okla.....	10
Baker, Sabinal, Tex.....	14
Sidwell, Midvale, Ida.....	10
Keil, Fairbanks, Alaska.....	10
Rickr, Marshall, Tex.....	15
Johnson, Columbia City, Ind.....	10
Cleaves, Prince Bay, N. Y.....	10
Snider, Fairmont, W. Va.....	11
Spencer, Belfry, Mont.....	10
Snell, Red Deer, Alta., Can.....	10
McMillen, Huntingburg, Ind.....	20

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We particularly wish to hear from the excessively thin, those who know the humiliation and embarrassment which only skinny people have to suffer in silence. We want to send a free 50-cent package of our new discovery to the people who are called "slats" and "bean poles," to bony women, whose clothes never look "anyhow," no matter how expensively dressed, to the skinny men who fail to gain social or business recognition on account of their starved appearance. We care not whether you have been thin from birth, whether you have lost flesh through sickness, how many flesh builders you have experimented with. We take the risk and assume it cheerfully. If we cannot put pounds and pounds of healthy flesh on your frame we don't want your money.

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The Bible reviewed in the
light of Modern Science

GOD AND MY NEIGHBOR

By

ROBERT BLATCHFORD

IS THE BIBLE TRUE?

This is the chief subject of debate to-day between Christians and Scientists the world over

Robert Blatchford says: "Is the Bible a holy and inspired book and the Word of God to man, or is it an incongruous and contradictory collection of tribal tradition and ancient fables, written by men of genius and imagination?"

Mr. Blatchford believes RELIGIONS are not REVEALED, they are EVOLVED.

"We cannot accept as the God of Creation," he writes, "this savage idol (Jehovah) of an obscure tribe, and we have renounced him and are ashamed of him, not because of any later divine revelation, but because mankind have become too enlightened to tolerate Jehovah."

"The ethical code of the Old Testament is no longer suitable as the rule of life. The moral and intellectual advance of the human race has left it behind."

CHRISTIANS declare the highest conception of God is the Christian conception of him as a Heavenly Father. "God is love," they say. To which Blatchford replies: "This is a very lofty, poetical and gratifying conception, but it is open to one fatal objection—it is not true!"

Mr. Blatchford does not believe that a divine being would need or ask for PRAYER and PRAISE.

"If you were a human father, would you rather your children praised you and neglected each other, or that brother should stand by brother, and sister cherish sister?"

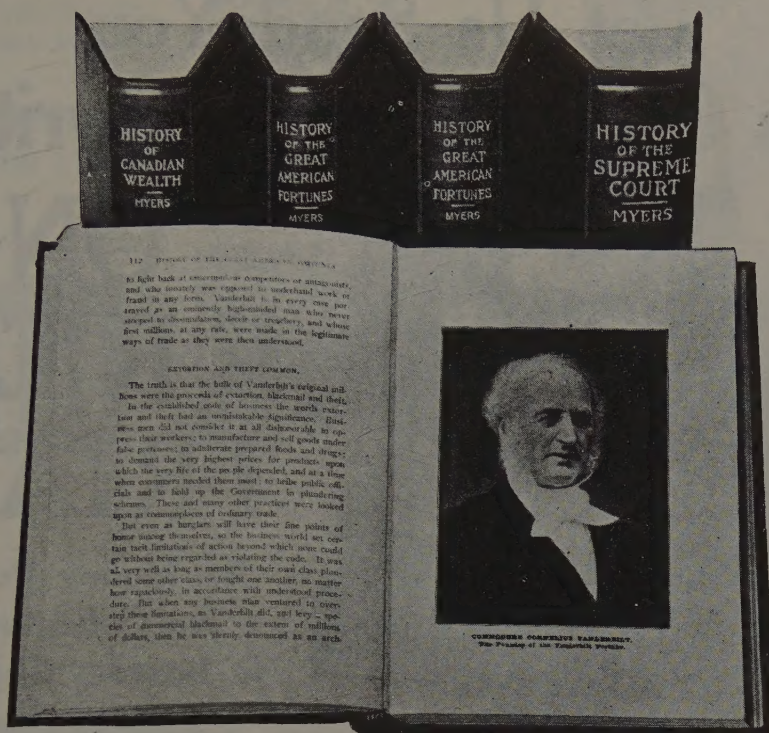
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